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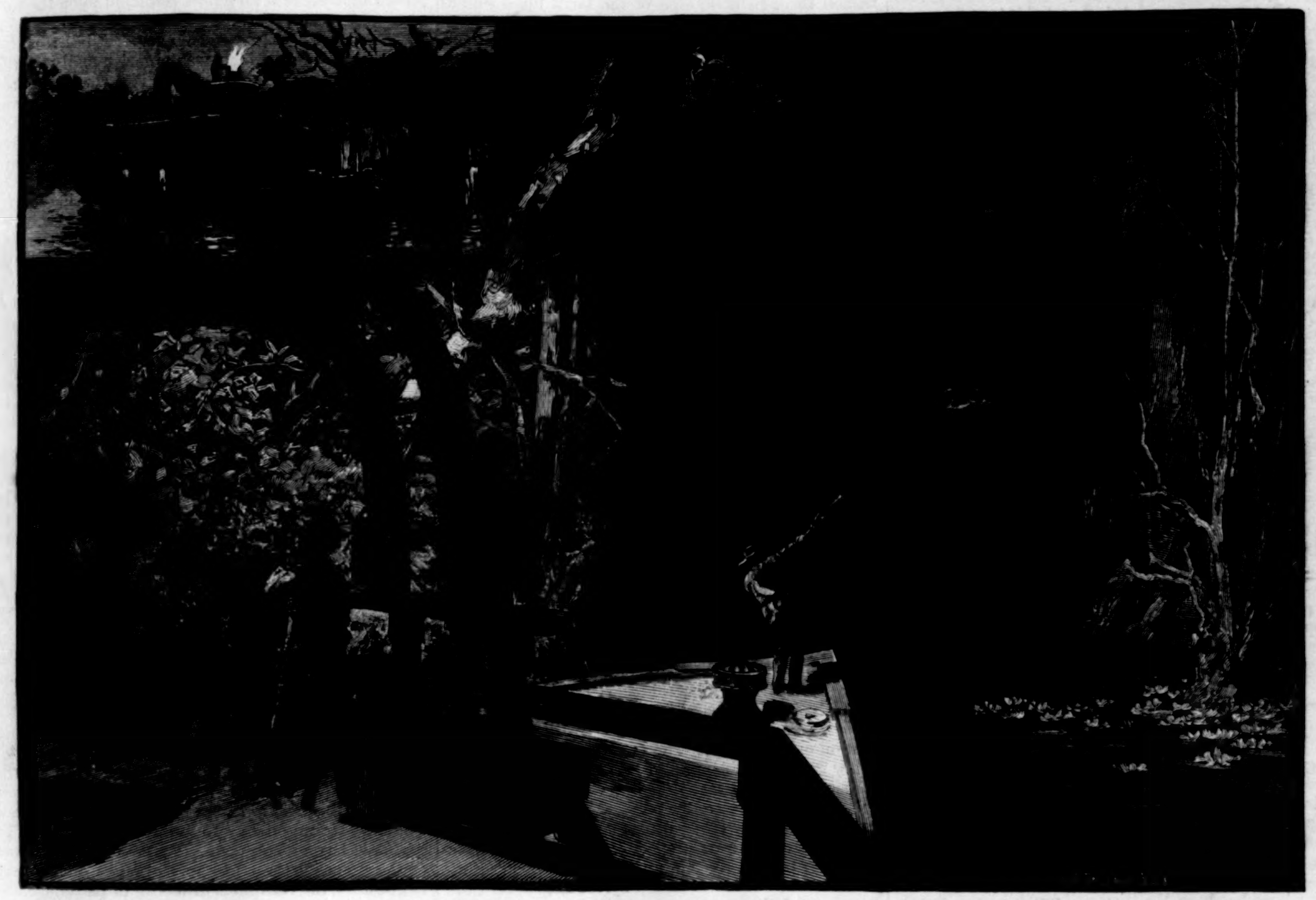


ON THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER, FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

A TRIP OVER "CROOKED WATER."

No visitor to Florida who has any regard for his own peace of mind can leave the State without having made the trip up the Ocklawaha River, at least to Silver Spring. He may have explored every other river in the State from its source to its mouth, but if he has neglected this one river, his friends who have sailed its "crooked waters" will insist upon it that he has failed to see the chief object of interest, and really knows nothing of Florida. In itself the Ocklawaha is no more remarkable than a dozen other rivers in the State, nor is Silver Spring more wonderful than several others which are hardly ever visited; but they come within the radius of the main line of winter travel, while the others do not. However much people may enthuse over the delights of the wilderness, and announce their love of "roughing it," the popular routes of travel are always those upon which are the most comfortable sleeping accommodations and the best set tables. In Florida the great highway of travel is the St. John's River, up which boats run three hundred miles south from Jacksonville. At Tocoi, fifty miles up the river, the traveller branches off to the eastward, and takes the little fifteen-mile railroad to St. Augustine; and at Palatka, twenty miles further up, on the opposite side of the river, he halts, if he is bound up the Ocklawaha.

A night's stay in Palatka is imperative, because all boats reach there in the afternoon, and all the Ocklawaha boats leave there in the morning. So at Palatka—a place in which there is little to see and less to do—the traveller spends an afternoon and night as best he may, and by nine o'clock next morning is ready and anxious to break the monotony of existence there by a trip up the Ocklawaha or any other river that promises interest and variety.

The Ocklawaha River boats, five in number, are *sui generis*, built expressly for the navigation of this particular stream, and all alike in general features. They are short, narrow, flat-bottomed, built without guards, low, and compact. Their chimneys rise but little above the roof of the pilot-house, in front of which, or on the lower deck forward, are the seats which the passengers occupy all day, and far into the night, while viewing the novel scenes constantly presented during the journey. As compared with the rude, awkward craft of a few years ago, these boats are models of comfort, and are admirably fitted for the service they perform. They are all of the stern-wheel or "wheelbarrow" pattern, each wheel being so inclosed as to be protected from contact with overhanging trees or branches. Most of them bear Indian names, such as Osceola, Ohakumkee, Astatula, or Tuskanilla; and often during the winter the rush of travel is so great that three of them filled with passengers leave Palatka at the same time.

Starting at nine o'clock in the morning, the boat, with her merry company—for Ocklawaha River travellers are proverbially jolly souls—steams for three hours up the St. John's, to Welaka, on the left bank, opposite which the "crooked water," which is the meaning of the Indian word "Ocklawaha," debouches into the larger stream, and here the trip really begins. The moment the broad St. John's is left behind, the character of the scenery changes. Entering the narrow, wonderfully tortuous channel, winding through vast cypress swamps, and bordered by a dense growth of magnificent trees hung with moss and interlaced with a maze of vines and creepers, is like plunging from an open clearing into a dark forest. Palms and other strange forms of semi-tropic vegetation fascinate the eye, and new and curious specimens of animal life present objects of never-failing interest. The alligator, which to Northerners is the greatest curiosity in Florida, and which is now rarely seen from the decks of the St. John's River boats, here becomes common, and at length fails to arouse any great amount of interest. So clear is the water that frequently the "'gator," startled from his siesta among the "bonnets" or rushes on the bank, can be seen making his way far beneath the surface to a more secure retreat. Shooting from the deck of the steamer, which was allowed during the earlier days of Ocklawaha navigation, became such a nuisance, and so threatened the destruction of some of the leading attractions of the river, that it is now strictly prohibited, much to the disgust of those fledgeling sportsmen who look upon every species of undomesticated bird or beast as their legitimate target, and to the satisfaction of all sensible travellers.

Although the alligator is the star and leading attraction in this grand spectacle, he is ably supported by a select feathered troupe, which are to be seen at their best in these watery fastnesses. Most beautiful of these is the great snowy heron, which, with his companion the great blue heron, is such a treasure to the curiosity dealers, and works up so effectively into a fire-screen. At every bend, perched upon some dead limb, is seen the comical water-turkey or snake-bird, stretching his long neck, and ducking his head in a ridiculous state of indecision as to whether he shall fly or not, and finally solving the problem by dropping like a shot into the river, and disappearing beneath its surface. His cousin the cormorant shares his indecision, and affords almost as much amusement as the water-turkey by his frantic and erratic efforts to escape the approaching steamer. The speckled limpkin attracts attention at once by the peculiarly discordant cry, not unlike the laugh of a hyena, with which he makes his presence known, and which may be heard echoing through the dismal swamps at all hours of the day and night. A limpkin's egg is about the size of a hen's egg, and very good to eat. Besides these are the ibis and egret, the crane, curlew, and many others, curious in form and habit.

The various landings along the river afford but little idea of the country beyond, as most of them are merely shed-like warehouses, built upon shaky little wharves, and connected with the mainland by roads of corduroy laid through the swamps. They bear such names as Sunday Bluff, Limpkin Bluff, Forty-foot Bluff, Iola, Gores, Eureka, and Duerisosa, and the few cadaverous-looking natives, whose straight, lank hair and dirty homespun suits form prominent features at each landing, do not convey in their forms or countenances any re-assuring impressions as to the healthfulness of the adjacent country. But who cares for malaria or chills and fevers when on a trip up the Ocklawaha? They can't be contracted in one day, and none of the gay party of tourists have got to live there; so, with a word of pity for the unfortunates who must make this their home from one year's end to the other, the subject is dropped, and attention is again directed to the river.

A steady subject of inquiry is, "When shall we pass the down boats?" And when about sunset their whistles are heard and answered, all hands crowd to the best positions for seeing and exchanging greetings with the returning tourists as they pass. If the place of meeting is very narrow, as is generally the case, the upward-bound boats hug the bank closely, and wait for the others to pass. As the boat on which our artist was making his first trip up the river thus drew to one side to give the others room, a comical accident occurred that came very near being serious. Beside our artist sat an enthusiastic old gentleman whose jolly face and bald head were surmounted by a tall and very shiny silk hat. With him were his two pretty daughters, and the three were in a state of great excitement over the meeting of the down boat, on which they expected to see friends. As soon as she came in sight they began to wave their handkerchiefs. The old gentleman, having attached his to his gold-headed cane, was waving it high above the others, when suddenly there was a jar of the boat, a crash overhead, and from a tall cypress, into which the up boat had run while hugging the bank too closely, a dead limb came tumbling. It struck fairly on the top of the shiny silk hat, drove it down over the beaming face, and scattered twigs and splinters over the rest of the passengers. In the confusion which followed, the down boat passed unheeded. Nobody was hurt, and it was as good as a play to see those two pretty girls strive to release their father from the envelopment of that now disreputable-looking silk tile. The lining caught on his rather prominent nose, and every attempt to lift the hat elicited a howl of pain from the old gentleman, and much vigorous language. At length a release was effected by the aid of the ready penknife of our artist, and soon afterward, with a swollen nose, and disguised by an old slouch felt hat borrowed from the captain, the respectable father of the pretty girls presented the typical aspect of a venerable rake, just emerged from a rough-and-tumble mêlée.

The greatest enjoyment of a trip up the Ocklawaha comes after the sun has set, and the scenery is enveloped in the blackness of a dark night. A burning brand is thrust among the resinous light-wood knots that fill an iron fire-pan on top of the pilot-house. A burst of flame springs forth, and discloses by its yellow glare a

(*Continued on page* 219.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 7, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

REPUBLICAN HARMONY.

THE extraordinary opportunity which was given to the Democratic party by the result of the election of last autumn has been completely lost. That election showed the Republican party to be in serious peril, and it was evident that if the voters who had deprived the Republicans of victory should see that the objects which they had in view would be promoted by another party, they would probably support it. The situation offered the best possible test of the Democratic party, and that party has totally failed. Nowhere and in no act since the election has it offered to independent voters the least reason for supposing that any good cause would gain by Democratic ascendency. On the contrary, its course has deepened the universal distrust with which it has been long regarded, and it is not surprising that the apprehension of its obtaining control of the government is so strong that great anxiety is shown to make such a result impossible by reuniting the Republican party. This hope has been the theme of much recent discussion. Informal meetings looking to "harmony" have been held in Philadelphia; Republican leaders have been interviewed in Albany; ward politicians have gossiped in New York; and all that is said proves the general conviction to be that Republican success is easily possible in 1884 upon the sole condition of Republican "harmony."

This word in politics is very elastic. But it is evident that it has two meanings in the present discussion, and this must be borne carefully in mind. "Harmony," as used by certain Republicans, means simply forgetting what has passed, and resolving to sustain the grand old party against the common enemy. In other words, it means "going it blind" for whatever is labelled Republican. "Harmony," with other Republicans, means support by the Republican party of certain definite purposes and measures, the nomination of candidates who actually represent them, and an organization of the party which restores equal rights to every Republican. The party discord which it is proposed to replace by harmony arose from very palpable differences, which are in their nature irreconcilable. This has been proved at the polls. Rather than permit the success of certain methods, or tolerate the petty tyranny of certain men in their own party, Republicans have secured Democratic success. It would be a fatal mistake to suppose that these Republicans now propose to accept such tyranny and adopt such methods because they are disgusted with the Democratic party. They do not ask any favor nor propose any dicker. "Bosses" are just as contemptible to them and "machines" as despotic as ever. "Harmony" must not be supposed to mean compromise in the sense of the husband who said that he always preferred linen sheets and his wife cotton, and that they had agreed to settle the difference by compromising upon linen. The precise situation to be dealt with is this: the unwillingness of intelligent and patriotic voters to support the Democratic party, and their indifference toward any party which does not offer something better. It need not be assumed that disgust with the Democrats is equivalent to satisfaction with the Republicans. Certainly it does not follow that because a man will not vote for John Kelly he will vote for John F. Smyth, and "harmony" does not mean voting for Smyth to escape Kelly.

It is plain that if the Republicans show themselves to be as incapable of using the opportunity which the failure of the Democrats has given them as the Democrats to avail themselves of the result of the election of last November, they will equally repel the confidence of honest men. "Harmony" is possible only upon condition that those who have opposed measures and methods which the country approves shall now accept them. For instance, Republican harmony is possible only by a frank and honest support of reform of the civil service both according to the spirit and the letter; only by seeking economy of administration through a revision of the tariff upon sound revenue principles, and with careful regard to all vested interests; only by the overthrow of the machine built upon official patronage. How could there be "harmony" among New York Republicans if the same old machine in the city ground out delegates to the Convention, and patronage were used to control votes, and the reformed system of the civil service were betrayed, and everything which produced the Republican revolt and catastrophe of last year were maintained in full vigor? Republican success in 1884 can be assured only by making the party the active agent of the measures which the country has shown that it desires. The proof that it is such an agent must be offered from this time forth. It can not be done by fine phrases in a platform. It can be accomplished only by the votes and the acts of Republican executive and legislative officers, and by the tone of the Republican press.

SECTARIAN LEGISLATION.

The attempt in the New York Legislature to send the Freedom of Worship Bill to the "Grinding Committee" was happily baffled by Mr. Roosevelt, whose services to public honesty and the public welfare during this session have been many and eminent. Had the bill slipped into that committee it would have been beyond general discussion and exposure upon the floor. It would have been ordered to a third reading, and have been forced through to a vote under the previous question by the evidently unscrupulous Democratic majority. The instigators of this extraordinary sectarian legislation will now be compelled to explain upon the floor and to the people of New York the reasons for their urgent insistence upon the bill. Some of those reasons have been already announced, and they are worthy the serious attention of the public. The *Catholic Review* of February 27, 1883, said plainly, "We wish to say that there are enough men interested in the passage of this measure to secure the political damnation of any man or any party that will not do us justice." This is an unequivocal declaration of a leading sectarian authority that if a certain unjust and unconstitutional sectarian bill is not passed by the Legislature, the members of the sect as voters will secure the defeat of all who oppose it, and this threat will undoubtedly influence votes. This is not an unimportant matter. It is, we believe, the first time in our political history that the recognized organ of a religious sect has threatened the vengeance of the sect upon legislators for the honest discharge of their duty.

The bill assumes that certain inmates of certain public reformatory institutions are deprived of freedom of worship. This assumption is the sole reason of the bill. But it is wholly unfounded. The bill, as is known, is aimed at the House of Refuge. This admirable institution is one of which the city is justly proud. It is managed by a Board of Trustees comprising men of various religious denominations, including Roman Catholics. The inmates are attended by such clergymen as they desire. But sectarian proselyting is, of course, prohibited, and religious worship must be conducted only upon such conditions as are compatible with the good order and due discipline of the institution. The chapel is open to ministers of all denominations at proper times and under proper conditions.

In a public institution which justly recognizes no sectarian differences what more can be asked? What more, with just regard to equal rights and necessary discipline, can be allowed? But this bill proposes that minors shall be visited by the ministers of the sect to which their parents belong, not by the wish of the minors, but upon the application of the ministers, and that religious service shall be held according to the rules and discipline of the sect. This is, in plain words, an attempt of a certain sect to proselyte among children in a public institution. But it is for the State which has charge of the minors, not for the parents who have lost control of them by their conviction for crime, to secure to all the minors an equal freedom of worship, and this is done in the House of Refuge. The chapel, as we have said, is open to all denominations without discrimination, and visits from any clergyman are received under the necessary regulations of the board by those who desire them. All attempts at sectarian proselyting in public institutions should be resolutely baffled. And when the organ of a sect, in furtherance of a plan of sectarian aggression upon religious freedom in public institutions, threatens political vengeance upon its opponents, it is high time for intelligent citizens to inquire how long it would be after the success of a sectarian inroad upon public penal and reformatory institutions that a renewed and more powerful sectarian movement would be made against the public schools.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.

One of the most daring strokes of the Tweed Ring in the height of its power was the passage of a bill which virtually authorized a judge to construe criticisms in newspapers as offenses to be summarily dealt with by imprisonment. The object was to muzzle the press and to prevent all public comment upon the vast system of robbery of the public treasury in which Tweed and his gang were engaged. A bill recently passed the Senate which was aimed equally at the liberty of the press, and which it is surprising to see that a few Republicans supported. This wrong was perpetrated by the report of an unprinted bill, which was ordered to a third reading and passed within five minutes, many of the Senators being wholly ignorant of its scope or purpose. The bill was suspiciously short: "Section 249 of the Penal Code is hereby repealed. This act shall take effect immediately."

This section provides that an indictment for a libel published in a newspaper may be found either in the county where the paper is published or in the county where the complainant resides and the paper is circulated. But in the latter case the defendant may have the case removed to the county where the paper is printed, on certain specified conditions, one of which is that he shall give bonds to pay, in case of conviction, "all the complainant's reasonable expenses in going to and from his place of residence and the place of trial and in attendance upon the trial." Nothing could be fairer than this provision. But the repeal would restore the old common-law rule which authorizes an indictment to be brought in any county in which the paper circulates, and the consequences of such a rule are evident, and were clearly pointed out by the daily journals. It would enable any man who felt himself to be aggrieved to carry a defendant for trial to any neighborhood which the accuser knew to be unfriendly.

In the debate in the Senate upon reconsidering the passage of the bill several Senators made a very foolish assault upon the press, the only apparent bearing of which upon the subject was that the bill was intended to wreak some kind of vengeance upon editors for their criticism of legislative action. But how would Senators know anything of the public estimation of what is said and done in the Legislature except for the press? And what would not be said and done there except for the press? It was the press that overthrew Tweed. He might buy individual Senators, but he could not buy a whole press. Except for the vigilance of the press all the tricks and offenses of this very Legislature, the enormous grabbing of patronage, the theft of Mr. Sprague's seat, the treachery to reform, the unconstitutional Catholic Protectory grant, the proposed sectarian legislation, and this very blow at a free press would all have passed unexposed. All of these schemes have not been frustrated, indeed, but the names of those who have sustained them, and the party which is responsible for them, have been exposed to the people of the State by the press, and the just judgment that will be entered against the party will be due in great part to the press. The petty spite of such attempted vengeance as this bill provides was most discreditable. Not a single adequate or respectable reason was brought forward for the repeal, and so instant and emphatic was the public condemnation of it that the bill was promptly and unanimously rejected by the Assembly.

RESUMPTION IN ITALY.

The 12th of April will be one of the noteworthy days in the history of the Italian Kingdom. On that day Italy is to resume specie payments. Seventeen years ago the Italian government, in view of the annual and growing deficit in the treasury, and of the low state of the national credit, was compelled to issue a forced paper currency. Nine years later the budget, for the first time in the history of the new nation, showed a small surplus. Year by year the surplus enlarged and the credit of the government improved, until it became possible to obtain by a loan the amount of gold needed to redeem the paper currency. To use the phrase made famous by that clever phrase-maker Napoleon III., the resumption of specie payments crowns the edifice of Italian independence.

The cost at which the independence and unity of Italy have been purchased has been very great. The silent sacrifices made by the patriotic people of the peninsula deserve the warmest admiration. If material prosperity is the chief good of life, then the Italians have made a grave mistake in becoming a nation. Under the rule of popes and kings and dukes and viceroys the Italians were lightly taxed. Few cities were burdened with large municipal debts, and the poorest beggar could always obtain a meal at the door of a convent. The expulsion of the Austrians and the overthrow of the petty rulers brought into existence with the Italian monarchy a burden of national taxation such as scarcely any European nation had ever before borne. What little prosperity Venice knew under the Austrian rule vanished when the Austrian garrison was withdrawn. Turin and Naples lost their respective courts and became provincial towns. Florence was ruined by the transfer of the capital to Rome; and after her municipal palace had been seized for debt, she was rescued from utter bankruptcy only by a gift from the general government. Rome, which did not owe a dollar under the popes, was burdened with a debt of 50,000,000 of francs within three or four years after the national troops entered the city. Everywhere the people were crushed under taxation, and with the closing of the convents the wretchedly poor lost the last protection against absolute starvation. These were the most obvious results of unity and independence, and it would have been perfectly natural had the simple and ignorant people of the lower classes demanded the return of the old and easy days when Italy was only a geographical expression.

We can gain an idea of the passionate patriotism of the Italians when we remember that those long years of suffering were endured quietly and cheerfully in order that Italy should be made strong enough to keep her independence, and to win the respect of the world. No government could have collected the taxes which the Italians have paid during the last twenty years had the people been unwilling to be taxed. The generation which voluntarily assumed the burden of excessive taxation has almost passed away, and it bore this burden for the sake of its children. There is something sublime in the courage which has made resumption possible, and there must be no fears felt as to the future of a people capable of such splendid and silent heroism.

IRVING'S CENTENARY.

The portrait of Washington Irving upon another page of this paper was the last ever taken. A few years before his death one of his nieces by marriage decoyed him—as he would have pleasantly said—into the room of a daguerreotypist, and there held him in conversation—as he humorously said upon another occasion—while the miscreant artist took his likeness. Soon after Irving's death his friend and family physician, Dr. John C. Peters, heard of the picture, and was permitted to have a photograph taken. From this photograph, with the kind permission of Dr. Peters, our engraving is made. Charles Martin's drawing in 1851 is in time the nearest likeness to this, but the friends of Mr. Irving prefer the latter picture. Dr. Peters describes the head of Irving, who at the end of his life was absolutely bald, as one of the most massive and beautifully moulded that he has ever seen.

It is a little surprising that in Irving's native city the centenary of his birth should not have been commemorated in an imposing manner. The Historical Society or the Century Club might well have taken the lead in a fitting celebration to honor the memory of the most distinguished of native New-Yorkers, with the play of whose genius American literature began. At least the anniversary should remind us with regret and even shame that while in our Central Park great authors of other lands and some of our own are justly honored by statues and busts, the first of American authors, who was born in the city, and who has given to it and to its neighborhood an undying charm, is without any memorial whatever.

We speak elsewhere of the *Life of Bryant*, which appears in Irving's centennial year. But at the Irving commemoration, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, when Bryant delivered his delightful address, it was supposed that without delay the statue would be erected. It is not, indeed, necessary for his fame, for it is plain that he will not be forgotten. But the absence of Irving's statue from the Park in which New York has raised so many is a reproach to his native city.

GODWIN'S "LIFE OF BRYANT."

Mr. Godwin's *Life of William Cullen Bryant* is an admirable and complete portraiture of our first great poet, and of a noble American citizen. Mr. Bryant's long life was simply that of a man of letters and of a political editor, but to insight and sympathy such life offers rich material, and Mr. Godwin has made a singularly interesting and instructive narrative of an outwardly uneventful career. The skillful use that he has made of letters and "articles," and his judicious comments, forcibly impress the individuality of Bryant upon the reader, and the story of a life so closely associated with the beginning of our distinctive literature was well worth telling in this ample form.

The most difficult part of the biographer's task is most happily accomplished. We mean, of course, the editorial career of the poet. Mr. Bryant was an editor of the *Evening Post* for half a century, and during most of that time he was proprietor and editor-in-chief, directing the course of the paper. He was, we may say, born a Federalist, and he was nearly thirty years old before his political views changed. But he was one of the earliest free-traders in the country, and the most sagacious and forcible of all the daily advocates of the Jeffersonian principle of the limited functions of government. He was, in fact, a more sincere and scientific Jeffersonian than Jefferson himself. He called himself a Democrat, because the Democratic professions were more agreeable to his convictions than those of their opponents. But his views logically made him more of a "Loco-Foco" than was acceptable to the Democratic Sanhedrim, and he steadily opposed the Democratic betrayal of justice and humanity in the party servility to slavery. Bryant was therefore in the Democratic camp rather than a Democrat in the strict party sense, and when the party became a mere slavery propaganda he was naturally a Republican. The same independence and loftiness of character loosened his connection with the Republican party when in his judgment it forsook its principles and abused its power.

Mr. Godwin, without vexatious detail, and with great mastery of the general political movement from 1830 to 1870, gives a very vivid and accurate picture of the essential leadership of Mr. Bryant. The *Evening Post* never probably had a circulation like that of some of the morning papers, but it taught the teachers. A hundred other papers were middle-men between the *Post* and the great public. Those who held the political views which the Democratic party, as a party, travestied, found in the *Post* the strong arguments of their side stated with incomparable clearness, comprehensiveness, and vigor, and this book amply vindicates Mr. Bryant's title as a great editor, independent, incorruptible, courageous, and very able. We do not wish to convey the impression that the narrative of this part of the poet's career overshadows that of his more purely literary and social life. It does not. We have especially mentioned it because it is less known. Proportion and perspective are justly observed, and the book is a delightful and valuable addition to our biographical literature.

THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

There was an unmistakable expression of sincere regret at the death of the late Postmaster-General Howe, which is not surprising to any one who knew him. He was, in the old Saxon sense, a homely, old-fashioned man, of perfect integrity and of strong feelings. The cause of the Republican party in its early day was most congenial to his convictions. Upright, humane, and shrewd, he was the heartiest of Republicans.

A certain conservatism of nature made him comfortable only in the most unquestioning loyalty to that rather vague and obscure authority, "the party," and he looked with distrust upon whatever protested or questioned or menaced any kind of disturbance. Things might be bad in some Republican quarters, but nothing, he thought, could be so bad as the chance of Democratic success. This is an intelligible but an unfortunate disposition, because it is blind to the real perils and to the effective remedies. Could Mr. Howe and his friends have had their way, the party would have been defeated, and he never would have been Postmaster-General.

But it is the amiability and gentleness of his private character, his suavity and rugged honesty, which all who knew him pleasantly recall. His long public service was without a stain. As a Senator in his life and manner he illustrated the simplicity which we fondly associate with the earlier days of the republic, and whose disappearance will mark the end of its best days.

SHALL NIAGARA BE SAVED?

It would certainly be most discreditable to the State of New York if the adverse report of the Senate committee upon the Niagara reservation bill should be sustained. The Committee of Finance consists of seven members, of whom two were absent when the question was taken, and among the five members present the vote stood three to two against a favorable report. The opposition is said to proceed chiefly from mill-owners in the vicinity, and this is not surprising, because it is from obliteration by mills and other disfigurements that the bill proposes to rescue Niagara.

It must be remembered, however, that no waste of water-power is necessary or contemplated. The plan as originally proposed by Mr. Gardner and Mr. Olmsted provides for making the power available without destroying the spectacle of the cataract, and one of the objects of the pending bill is to ascertain in what way and with the least inconvenience to all existing interests this result can be accomplished.

The defeat of the bill would probably seal the doom of this unparalleled scene of natural grandeur and beauty. Twice the bill has passed the Assembly, and with every year the increase of obstructions makes the reservation much more difficult and impracticable. There should be no delay in forwarding petitions to add to those which have been already laid before the Legislature. Those which are ready should be sent to J. B. Harrison, the corresponding secretary of the Niagara Falls Association, Post-office box 105, New York, or directly to some friendly Senator. Every New-Yorker who has a just sense of the honor of the State is interested to make himself an active volunteer and agent, to take care that the voice of intelligent New York upon this subject is heard by the Legislature.

PERSONAL.

Thirty years ago an American artist presented one of his sweetest little landscapes to a friend. It was a sunset, and above the orange glory of the horizon a pale new moon exhaled a milder radiance. To-day the picture has two moons, the second one evidently an earlier specimen that had been painted out, but the pigments that once covered it have dried away. The effect is very strong.

—The late Mr. J. R. Green was a fervent admirer of Dean Stanley's literary style, and, naturally, expressed himself in a style quite unlike the Dean's.

—Sir William Hamilton, the philosopher, was smart as a lad. In his third year he read English admirably, and had overcome many of the obstacles of arithmetic; in his fourth year he took high rank in geography; in his fifth year he could translate Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and recite from Homer, Milton, Dryden, and Collins. His eighth year found him able to converse in Latin, French, and Italian, and his tenth year saw him a student of Arabic and Sanskrit.

—Picture and sculpture galleries, observes Mr. J. A. Symonds, accustom us to the separation of art from life. It is only on reflection, after long experience, that we come to perceive that the most fruitful moments in our art education have been casual and unsought, in quaint nooks and unexpected places, where nature, art, and life are happily blent.

—"England's only relation with South Africa," said Mr. Gladstone recently in Parliament, "is a history of continued troubles. It is the one standing difficulty of our colonial policy which we have never been able to set right; in other parts of the world difficulties have arisen—in India, in Canada, and in New Zealand—and every one has been dealt with and satisfactorily disposed of, but never in South Africa."

—The students of Glasgow University held a meeting at which they voted to absent themselves from John Bright's rectorial address unless proper seats were provided for them, the faculty having arranged that they should stand, while the public were seated. Their wishes were then respected.

—Miss Marianne North, a painter now travelling in South Africa, is disappointed because "the country is all dried up," having few flowers and many swarms of flies.

—The anthropologist, according to Mr. A. Lang, the poet, should be a student not merely of savage life, but of human nature as a whole, and as much interested in the Cornish house-maid who kills spiders because her late master (the rector of the parish) was believed to have become a spider, as in the Zulu who spares serpents in which he recognizes his sisters and his cousins and his aunts and other deceased relatives.

—Professor Ayrton, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, expressed his faith in electricity as a motor. A street-railway car in Ireland was run ten miles an hour by the use of electricity, and could have made twenty-five miles had the land permitted. Another car, holding forty-six persons, moved six miles an hour at a cost of $1 86 a day. Horse-power would have cost $7 a day.

—News comes from Borneo that the son of Mr. Joseph Hatton has been shot while hunting elephants. He was a young engineer and scientist of remarkable attainments, and a distinguished career was confidently predicted for him. Mr. Joseph Hatton is well known in this country as the London correspondent of the New York *Times* and the author of several popular novels, and in this sad bereavement he will have the sympathy of thousands of American readers.

—Mr. Browning, it is said, loves successive shocks of thought or feeling, and can hardly deny himself the satisfaction of thinking that even the spirit of perfect love and harmony is perpetually startling this dull world by galvanizing it with vivid spasms, such as he himself has the skill to administer.

—From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 16: "We learn that Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has been elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors. Mr. Abbey is a young American artist lately settled in England, whose paintings have as yet been seldom seen over here, but who has gained the highest distinction as a poetical and original illustrator. His edition of Herrick, which was reviewed in these columns, was perhaps the finest of our Christmas books last year. He is the most prominent draughtsman on the staff of Harper's Magazine. We congratulate the Institute on having performed a graceful act to a stranger, and on having secured an admirable artist." It may be added that Mr. Abbey stands in the very front rank of American painters in water-colors.

—The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the authority for the following: "'When the war was over,' said our great Duke [of Wellington], 'and I came home, I thought one of my first duties was to know why, on what rational grounds, I belonged to the Church of England, and I read through several books. The one which I value most of all is Waterland's *Treatise on the Athanasian Creed.*'"

—Jean Bologne, the celebrated Flemish painter of the sixteenth century, was in the habit of buying back any of his juvenile works which he considered too imperfect, at a price greater than he had received, in order to destroy them. Diaz used to buy his back to touch up and sell at a profit.

—Professor Tyndall has recently made some experiments which prove that during the night the earth's surface is several degrees colder than the air, and during the day the reverse is the case.

—Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., has not the slightest doubt that "a great temperance wave" is rolling over England. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., believes that the temperance question, whether viewed socially, politically, or religiously, has more to do with the life of the people than all other causes put together.

—After an interval of thirty years, Sir Walter Scott's novels are being retranslated and republished in France. These works are so different in spirit and form from those of the popular novelists of the day that whether the new edition will be successful is a matter of some doubt.

—The official orders issued to the Twentieth Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, on the occasion of the recent grand review of the militia at Brighton, England, directed that "thick woollen socks, which should be soaped to prevent blistering of the feet, and strong, laced shooting boots should be worn on the march. Lace-up boots should always be worn with the leggings." Sir Frederick, it seems, is not a painter only.

—In Berlin, the post-office money-orders are cashed at the residence of the payees by a special messenger, and not at the post-office, as in this country. One of these messengers having been killed and robbed by the payee on whom he had called, the government has directed that hereafter money-orders shall be paid only in the presence of third persons.

—Lord Lansdowne says that he likes the term "girls" better than "young ladies," and the term "school" better than "seminary."

—It used to be supposed in Ulster, Ireland, that a man's ghost could not rest in peace until his debts were paid; but the belief at present is inoperative.

—Miss Hope-Edwardes, in her recent book of travels in Spain, having apologized for being unable to describe a bull-fight, because she had never seen one, is informed by one of her countrymen that no apology is needed. "In the first place, a bull-fight is a brutal exhibition which nobody expects English ladies to patronize; and in the second place, it has been described and painted and sung for us so often that we are all as utterly tired of the subject as we are of the big gooseberry, the great sea-serpent, the unfortunate nobleman, or the Kilmainham treaty. Even Holy-Week at Seville has been a little overdone, and the Alhambra we can forego without a murmur."

—"The proposal to introduce a new fighting dress into the English army appears," says a London journal, "rather startling, and there are probably not fifty men in Great Britain who will not at first revolt from the thought that the so-called British scarlet will no longer be seen on any field of battle. But in most of our late wars the troops discarded their home uniforms, and were provided with garments of altogether different cut and color, and it has come to be pretty well understood that the British soldier, as he stands at home, is dressed in a costume unsuitable for war, and had better get quickly out of it and into another before trusting himself to perform any warlike feat."

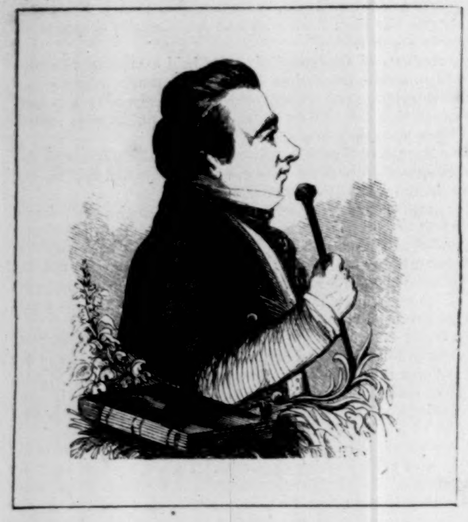
John Richard Green.

Author of "A Short History of the English People," etc., etc.

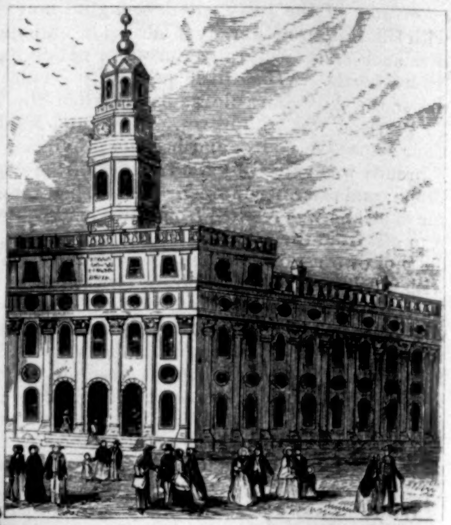
Died at Mentone, March 8, 1883, at the age of forty-five.

Enough for one brief life the toil, the glory,
So to have told our stirring English story
That ears of English men most gladly listen,
That eyes of English youth will glow and glisten.
Yet all must grieve, gay stripling or grave sage,
Robbed by o'erhasty Death of many a noble page.

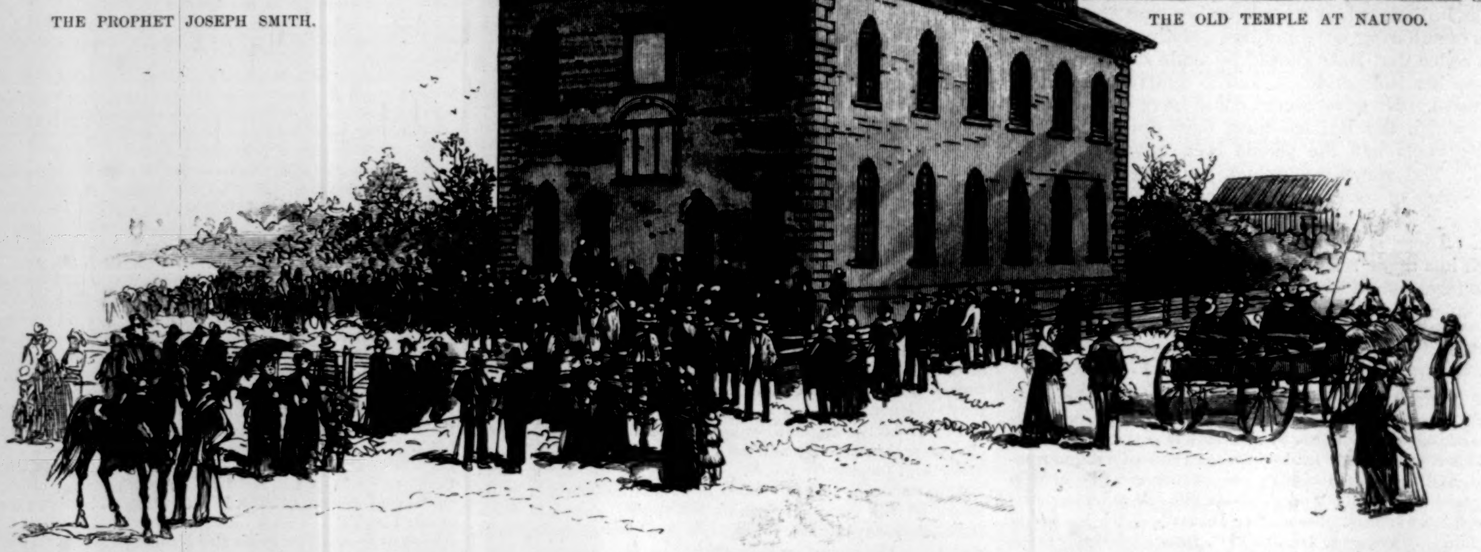
—From London "Punch," March 17.



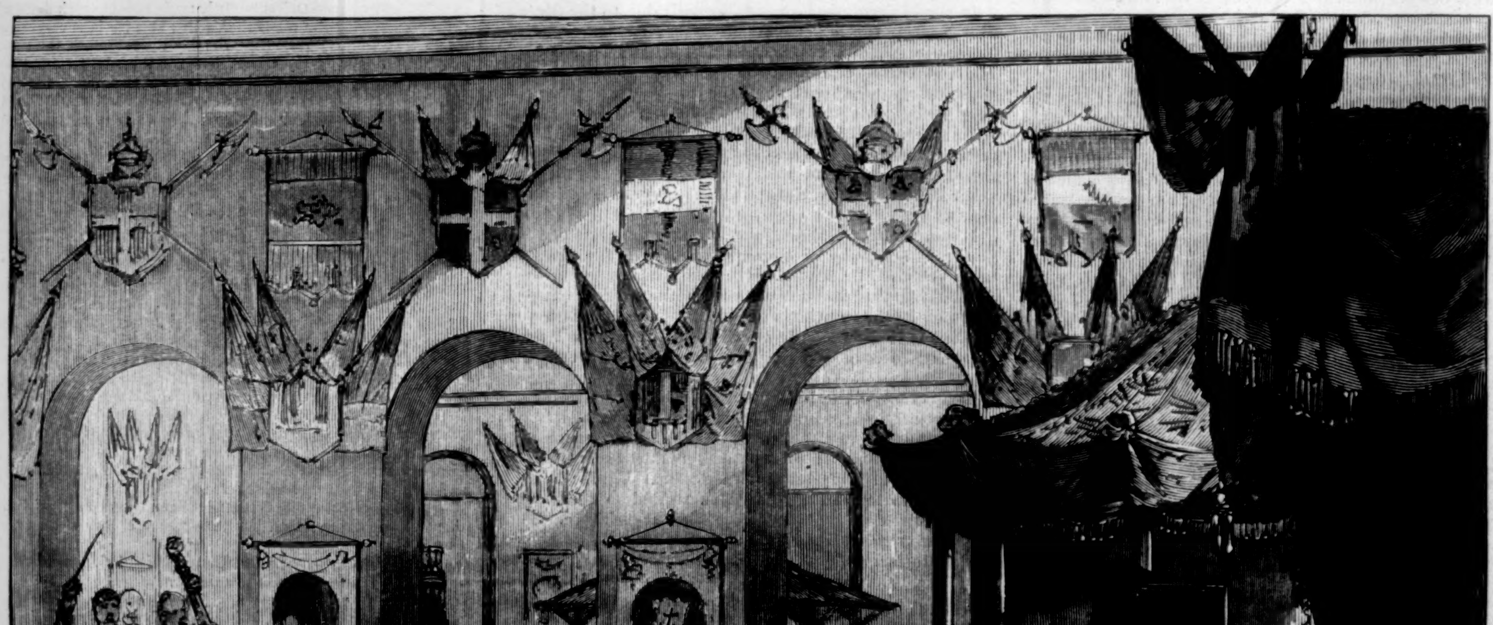
THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.



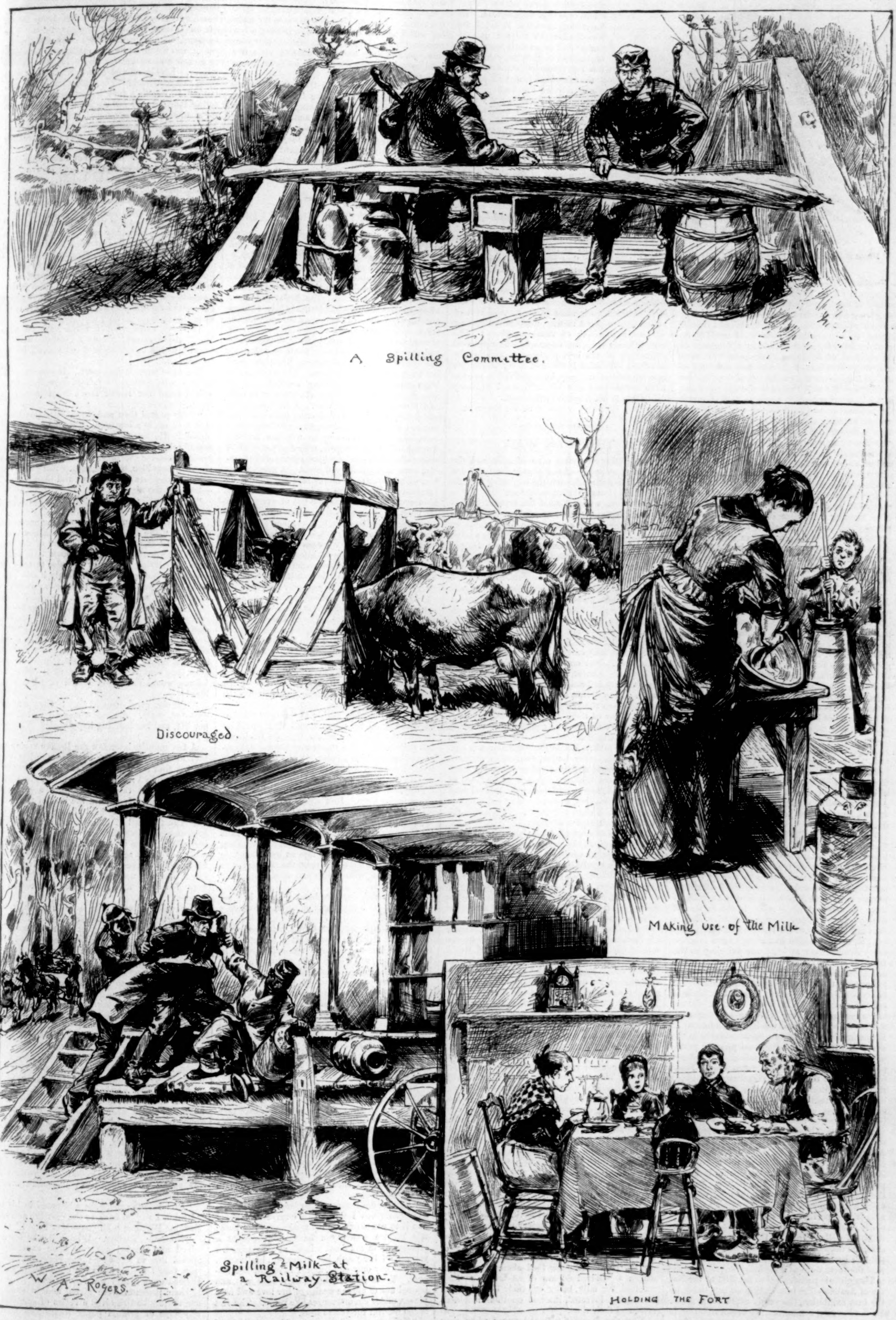
THE OLD TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.



THE MORMON REUNION AT KIRTLAND, OHIO.—From a Sketch by Frank Taylor.—[See Page 215.]

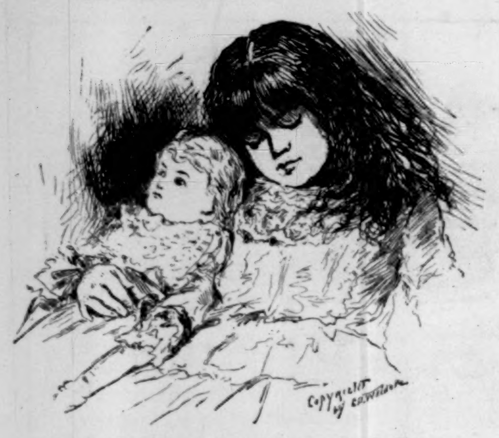


THE OPENING OF THE FAIR OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST INFANTRY.—From a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 221.]


A Spilling Committee.
Discouraged.
Making use of the Milk
Spilling Milk at a Railway Station.
W. A. Rogers.
Holding the Fort

INCIDENTS OF THE MILK WAR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 214.]

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



DREAM-LAND (A FRAGMENT).—Charles D. Weldon.

To the children of light an academy of art is a stronghold of the Philistines. Like the ancient temple of the Egyptians, it stands high above the life-giving Nile, its façade monotonously flat, and without openings for windows. What cares it, indeed, to see anything outside of itself? So think in full measure those alleged spokesmen of the children of light, the critics, and with each recurring exhibition of the National Academy of Design they renew the expression of their dislike of the way in which the institution is run; and as no institution in this world is perfectly run, the animadversions made upon the Academy's manner of doing things are bound to be true, if kept sufficiently general. At this time of the year these animadversions are addressed chiefly to the hanging committee, and may be classified under two principal heads: "You have hung too many pictures;" and, "You should make the exhibition more select."

As it is not within our knowledge that any self-respecting journal ever uttered a word in favor of a hanging committee of the Philistines, we propose this time, in speaking of the Academy exhibition, to present our readers with the novelty of an attempt to find, even in the hanging committee at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, some evidence of the doctrine that there is a soul of goodness in things evil.

At the outset, then, we may open our eyes to the temptations to which these good men are exposed. Each one, as we write, has his pockets sagging with letters written by the friends of artists—or alleged artists—who have sent canvases to the exhibition; the worse the picture, the more vehement the supplication to accept it and give it a good place. It is admitted on all hands that every Philistine has his Delilah, but never is Delilah so pressing in her overtures as at the sight of a hanger of paintings. She rises—or rather swoops—with the occasion, and the havoc that she makes in the vitals of that gentle soul is most pitiable to those who see the most of it. There never yet lived a member of a hanging committee who could truthfully say within himself, "I am absolutely inaccessible to the blandishments of the sex," and if in the communicative quiet of his own studio you should ask him if his judgment was influenced by the sweetly perfumed epistles with which his pockets are stuffed, he would tell you frankly and in all confidence that it was.

This thoughtful Philistine may add, if pressed, that in hanging a picture at the Academy exhibition he takes into consideration three things: First, the quality of the work itself; secondly, the position of its author; and thirdly, the demands of the general color scheme of which the picture is to form a part. It is at the second of these points that he is most likely to be led astray. If the author is an Academician, shall a man not take care of his friends? and the precedent at the institution has always been to allow every Academician at least one painting on the line. If the author has been commended in one or more of the afore-mentioned letters, is it human to suppose that the commendation must always be inoperative? There are, indeed, two kinds of epistolary commendation which in no respect act as temptations. Every year the hanging committee welcomes from would-be exhibitors at Maryannville or Eagletown *avant-coureurs* in the shape of extracts from the local press in praise of the color, composition, handling, and subject of pictures on the way to the Academy. These productions of the provincial pen are couched (as their own writers would express it) in the most appreciative terms, and by forwarding them it is supposed that a proper self-confidence will be imparted to the hanging committee when performing its manifest duty of giving the paintings so heralded the centres in the principal gallery. Again, the committee have been known to receive such a communication as this: An ecclesiastic of prominence whose portrait had been painted by a fellow-townsman sent the work to the Academy with a communication, carefully written by himself, to the effect that as a likeness it was perfect, and as an art-work immaculate. And in order to make his own assurance as well as that of the committee doubly sure, the document was accompanied by a notary public's certificate, in which his reverence swore that the facts were as stated.

Though it is paradoxical to say that at the National Academy the best exhibition can never be the best exhibition, the words express the truth. To the hanging committee the best exhibition is not the one that has the largest proportion of excellent paintings, but the one that is the most widely representative, including the works of the promising aspirant, as well as the works of the established professional; the works of the Westerner, the Southerner, and the Easterner, as well as those of the New-Yorker. With the present limitations as to wall space it is impossible to give the exhibition this representative character, and at the same time to make it consist exclusively of the best pictures procurable. There is not one of the most successful members of the Academy who would not like to send to the annual exhibition at least half a dozen of his paintings; and if the hanging committee encouraged this liking, the absolute quality of the show would be improved. But would the actual gain to American art be greater? And if the Academy is really an academy—a school—should it not take care of its promising pupils, and give them an opportunity to display their works before that great public whose approbation will be literally their meat and drink? Where else are these pupils—some of them destined doubtless to be successful—to go with the meritorious creations of their skill, if not to their alma mater? And is it of no interest or profit to the public to notice year by year the growth of these aspirants? The best exhibition, in the sense of being composed exclusively of the best pictures obtainable, the Academy exhibition is not, and never should be. Special exhibitions may be organized to accomplish special purposes, but a National Academy exhibition is not a special exhibition.

G. W. Sheldon.

THE MILK WAR.

The spilling of a few cans of milk and the temporary stoppage of the supply from the line of the Erie Railroad is not the beginning nor the end of the Orange County milk war.

The causes which goaded the farmers to desperation lie too deep to be rooted out by a schedule of prices set by a committee for a month or a year. Such agreements, entered into by a large number of people, are never maintained. Supply and demand will assert their power in spite of all the resolutions of farmers' committees or combinations between creamery men and milk dealers. A few facts may give an idea of what has made milk farming a losing business.

The average Orange County farmer has a natural affinity for a mortgage. If he owns ten cows, he must mortgage his place and buy twenty more. He finds it impossible to care for so many cattle and carry on any other branch of farm labor. Not one farmer in five raises his own grain. Almost all of the feed used in Orange County is brought there from outside its limits. They do not even raise their own calves, but buy from the West, and add it to the mortgage. Many of them actually buy their butter, and but very few raise any pork, either to eat or sell. The whole aim of their existence has been to produce milk. While the consumer was paying fifty cents for butter, sixteen to eighteen cents for pork, and twenty-five cents for beef, these farmers had not a pound of any one of these to sell, but were flooding the market with milk, for which they received a cent and a half to two and a half cents per quart. This is how the farmer has cheated himself.

Now very naturally follows how, when he had thrown away half his chances, a few shrewd men, not too philanthropical, coolly pocketed the other half. They established creameries in the milk country—skimmeries would be a much more expressive name. The farmer was invited to bring in his milk, and receive the New York price for it, less the freight. This struck him as a good thing—no wear and tear of cans on the cars, nor risk of losing them. The creamery man became his customer. But this customer was also a member of the Milk Exchange in New York, which sets the price next month for the milk bought during this. Now when the creamery man has collected all the milk from a hundred farms, it is poured into small cans, and placed in shallow vats filled with water and ice. Here the cream rises, and is carefully skimmed off until the full milk delivered by the farmer has been reduced to a point just escaping the limit fixed by law. Part of the cream thus obtained is sold to New York hotels at from twenty to thirty cents per quart, and part is made into the high-priced "creamery butter." The skimmed milk, in which, often with the aid of a little salt, the lactometer bobs serenely at exactly the official figure, is then put into the usual forty-quart can and shipped to the city, and upon what this impoverished stuff will bring in the market is based the "New York price" to the farmer for the milk delivered during the month past. In other words, the creamery man pays the farmer for his *full* milk what he himself gets for the skimmed article, and has the cream, butter, and cheese, for which he pays not one penny, for his profit. The expense of running a creamery is trifling, a one-horse engine and two or three men doing all the work. It is not very strange, then, that the creamery men have grown fat, while the farmer is unable to pay the interest on his debts. The writer knows of cases—and they are typical—where farmers have spent during the past season for feed alone as much, or within a hundred dollars of as much, as they received for milk, being out their help, interest on capital invested, interest on their indebtedness, and their time.

Now the farmers may get angry when they find themselves being driven to the wall, and may denounce the creameries as the source of all their troubles, and call the proprietors swindlers and thieves, but it is the milk farmer who has made the creamery a possibility. The creamery is simply doing the work that should be done upon the farms. Why do not a few farmers try making butter as well as selling milk, feeding a few porkers on the skimmed milk, raising their own oats, rye, and corn for feed, bringing up a few good calves, and not try to turn everything into milk that is not wanted?

As matters stand now in the milk-producing counties about New York, the farmers are like sheep running in a deep rut, making it an easy matter for the wolves to fall upon and devour them.

In this short statement of the case we have endeavored to state the facts as they were given to us by several of the most intelligent producers. Allowing for possible exaggeration on their part, there is still cause for reflection on the subject of overproduction of milk.

UNDER THE CONVENT WALLS.

About twelve o'clock one bright February day in Paris Madame Blanchet sat waiting for the arrival of her belated scholar, Miss Cora Bell, a young American whose habit it was to spend a couple of hours three times a week in so-called "elegant conversation" in the French language with that worthy dame. The little apartment where the teacher lived had formerly been a garret over the *dépendance* of a suburban boarding-house, taken under some stress of circumstances by its present occupant, and little by little, through taste and perseverance, it had been made to "blossom like the rose." No wonder merry Miss Cora liked her tri-weekly French lessons. The walls of the large room, divided into two smaller ones by screens, were hung with fluted chintz, all flowers and leaves of brightest hue. A tiny porcelain stove diffused, when called upon (but that was not too often, for madame, like all French women, believed in economy in wood), a friendly warmth. In both windows, whose panes of glass were polished like the speckless boards of the flooring, were kept plants and birds. A great green box of mignonette in flower sent out a luscious fragrance. Vines were made to start from behind every picture-frame and out of every china jar upon the shelves; and somehow or other they grew like Jack's bean-stalk, strong and green and luxuriant. Best of all, a flood of genial sunshine came in on all sides, for the garret boasted of various windows. Where madame slept one could find out by peeping behind a screen at the tiny white-curtained bed with the crucifix above it, but where madame cooked no one ever guessed; yet she had a fashion of producing from unknown corners a series of luncheons that were nectar and ambrosia to her youthful visitors. Days there had been in madame's past experience when the poor lady had known what it was to subsist upon the slenderest of rations, but now the fame of her exquisite embroideries in chenille and silk was noised abroad, while her occasional scholars, like Cora Bell and a few liberal Americans of the same set, made up an income sufficient for the widow's wants.

Madame Blanchet, sitting at the open window overlooking an ivy-covered wall that just here formed the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, felt quite wistful with regret over the non-appearance of her favorite scholar. "She will not come now," the widow said to herself, as the inevitable mantel clock struck a cheerful loud-voiced "one." "Truly, she has twined herself into my heart, that chère petite Cora. How she laughs and dances and sings her life away! Just like that other one—so many years ago." A shiver ran over the little woman's frame, and she closed her eyes as if to banish some painful image. "My pretty Cora will never know so sad a fate as hers, thank le bon Dieu." A light step upon the stairway, and Cora, blooming with health and animation, came into the room.

"Don't scold, dear madame. There is time enough yet for a chapter of our book before they send for me."

The lesson began, but Cora's attention wandered; her thoughts flew off at a tangent; her eyes grew dreamy; a deeper rose-color settled in her cheeks. At last a little white protesting hand was laid across madame's page.

"Blanchet dear, I want to confess to somebody. Won't you be my priest? You know that papa is in America attending to business always, and that mamma is forever going out. I've nobody but that stupid Parker of mine, and talk I must—I must. Oh, Blanchet, if such a thing can be, I am too happy! All of this dear blessed morning he has been with me, and mamma has given her consent, and we are to be married soon."

And then, the flood-gates loosed, came a stream of joyous confidence. Cora never thought to look up at her listener until she felt a hot tear, then another, drop upon her hands clasped in the widow's lap.

"What is it, dear madame?—what have I said to pain you?" the girl asked, wondering, to be answered by a fit of bitter sobbing. With kind and gentle words Cora soothed her friend's emotion, and at last Madame Blanchet was able to speak once more.

"Forgive me, dearest young lady," she exclaimed. "In truth I never can forgive myself. I owe it to you to explain my weakness. See here: this picture which you have often caught a glimpse of in my desk. Look at it—judge for yourself of her youth, her innocence, her beauty. She was my only child, and I have lost her forever. Years ago she knelt, as you do now, and poured out to me the wealth of her love and happiness, under circumstances like yours. The rest is too painful for you to hear."

"Tell me more," the girl said, tenderly. "I would be selfish indeed if I refused my sympathy at a time when all seems so bright before me."

Little by little the story was revealed. Ten years before, Léonie Blanchet had been sought in marriage by a wealthy Englishman, to whom her mother had given her with some misgiving, watching her go from that modest home into a life of luxury with many anxious fears. The husband Léonie had chosen was handsome, young, and winning; he had made good his claim to a rank and station far above Léonie's expectations. Léonie adored him. What, then, was there to apprehend? The widow could not tell, but still! Léonie's first letters came to her so full of buoyant pride, of confident happiness, that for a time the mother could not but reflect it. The young couple were absent upon their wedding journey in the South, and had reached Rome, when a thunder-bolt fell upon the pretty, trustful bride. The man whom Léonie believed to be her husband had left his true wife in England—a gay, fashionable beauty, sufficiently "emancipated," according to the notions of her class, to mock openly and lightly at her husband's latest fancy.

"But this is not for you to hear, my child," the little French teacher said. Cora, who from motives of delicacy had avoided looking at her friend, glanced hastily up, struck by the suppressed passion in her voice. What a transformation was there! In place of the quiet, repressed, demure personage she had been accustomed to see, Madame Blanchet's eyes were afire; her cheeks glowed with a dull crimson; her teeth were clinched.

"Do you know what I would have done to him?" she went on. "I am a Corsican, and the blood runs hot in our veins when it is stirred by wrong—*va!*"

The brief passion was spent. It was succeeded by a calm even more full of meaning. Cora waited until her friend could trust herself to speak.

"They parted then and there," Madame Blanchet went on, in a low tone. "He did not defend himself. He simply laughed at her—my poor, heart-broken, humiliated child. He said she was too innocent for the times she lived in. And so she was, bon Dieu, too innocent. She put all of this into one last letter to me, and then she fled—fled into the night."

"And now?" the young girl said, after a long silence.

"Now she is at peace," the mother answered, quietly. "The Holy Church received her in its bosom. Léonie is one of the sisters of the convent of the Sepolte Vive. For some time past I have been laying up money in order to take the journey to Rome, but until recently it was all I could do to live here, and to go away from my employment meant starvation. Oh, if I could but have seen her, I would have starved—yes, gladly—but that is impossible. All I can do is to visit the outside of the convent upon her 'day.' Once a year each sister has a 'day,' when she is allowed to throw over the convent wall a flower in token to her watching friends that she is still alive, but that is all. I know what flower my Léonie would choose—a bunch of fresh white lilac!"

"'Sepolte Vive'—buried alive!" the young girl repeated, sadly. A shadow seemed to fall over her life, and her budding happiness.

A few months later saw the Roman spring unfold in all its glory. A party of tourists were visiting that relic of mediæval days, the convent of the Sepolte Vive. Most of them turned back disappointed at the threshold, but a group of three people lingered until the rest of the sight-seers, after a colloquy held through a revolving barrel in the wall of the convent, had reluctantly dispersed. Over this barrel was traced an inscription: "Who would live content within these walls, let her leave at the threshold every earthly care." Upon these lines a woman dressed in black, standing apart from her two companions, kept her eyes fixed, while her lips moved in prayer.

The order of nuns who have thus condemned themselves to a living death subsist on charity. It is only when their supplies are totally exhausted that they are allowed, after twenty-four hours' starvation, to ring a certain bell, which the outside world interprets, "We are famishing." Two Lents are observed by them during the year—the one common to all Catholic Christians, and another held between November and Christmas. In the intervals the sisters receive and partake of whatever food may be bestowed on them by visitors.

Two of the three loiterers were young and handsome, radiant with ill-disguised happiness. That they were new-made husband and wife none could doubt, and it was a pleasant sight to see the wife order to be brought from a carriage awaiting them a hamper of abundant dainties, and with the aid of her husband proceed to unpack their store. To gain answer from the convent the young man knocked briskly upon the barrel head, which, slowly turning, revealed a shelf within.

"What wilt thou, stranger?" came a voice, faint and far as the note of an Æolian harp. So strong was the sense of remoteness and of desolation produced by this sound that involuntarily the young wife clasped her husband's arm in shuddering.

"Oh! it is too sad," she whispered in his ear. "I think I will go back to the carriage and leave Madame Blanchet with you—may I not?"

"Nonsense, darling. Who is it who has contrived and carried out this little expedition, I should like to know? Come, cheer up, and bestow your bounties upon the good sisters within. Depend upon it they will relish them."

Their presents were given, and in exchange our visitors had received a series of *cartolini*, or tiny slips of printed paper folded like homœopathic powder papers, and intended to be swallowed whole by the believer, who might thereafter hope for a cure of any mortal ailment possessing him. As their colloquy with the unseen sister came to a close, the young man signed to Madame Blanchet to draw near. The mother had kept a veil over her face while standing by in silence, but now she sprang forward, and putting her lips to the opening, uttered with feverish anxiety a few sentences of wild pleading unheard by her companions.

Fainter and farther were the pitying accents that smote her ear in return.

"'Sepolte vive,' daughter. The grave gives back no answer."

"Let us wait beneath the garden wall, dear friend," Cora said, as between them her husband and she supported the steps of the trembling mother from the spot. "It should be at about this time that the flower is thrown, and oh! how it will comfort you to have it from her hand!"

Underneath the ancient wall of the convent garden the little group waited in silence. It was a moment of feeling too profound for words. As the hour drew near the mother left her friends and went to kneel alone upon a grassy mound where her cheek might graze the wall, as if caressing it. For a time all was silent. Then a bell sounded the hour with slow and solemn strokes. A bird burst into joyous carolling in the tree above where Cora stood. "It is a good omen," she said, glancing up into her husband's face. As the last stroke of the bell died upon the air something white and fragrant fell at the feet of the kneeling figure. "It is Léonie's white lilac!" Cora cried, starting joyously forward.

But the mother did not stir. The token had come too late to awaken joy or sorrow.

Constance Cary Harrison.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

VII.

ON THE VALUE, AS A SOCIOLOGICAL PRINCIPLE, OF THE RULE TO MIND ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

The passion for dealing with social questions is one of the marks of our time. Every man gets some experience and makes some observations of social affairs. Except matters of health, probably none have such general interest as matters of society. Except matters of health, none are so much afflicted by dogmatism and crude speculation as those which appertain to society. The amateurs in social science always ask: What shall we do? What shall we do with Neighbor A? What shall we do for Neighbor B? What shall we make Neighbor A do for Neighbor B? It is a fine thing to be planning and discussing broad and general theories of wide application. The amateurs always plan to use the individual for some constructive and inferential social purpose, or to use the society for some constructive and inferential individual purpose. For A to sit down and think, What shall I do? is commonplace; but to think what B ought to do is interesting, romantic, moral, self-flattering, and public-spirited all at once. It satisfies a great number of human weaknesses all at once. To go on and plan what a whole class of people ought to do is to feel one's self a power on earth, to win a public position, to clothe one's self in dignity. Hence we have an unlimited supply of reformers, philanthropists, humanitarians, and would-be managers-in-general of society.

Every man and woman in society has one big duty. That is to take care of his or her own self. This is a social duty. For fortunately the matter stands so that the duty of making the best of one's self individually is not a separate thing from the duty of filling one's place in society, but the two are one, and the latter is accomplished when the former is done. The common notion, however, seems to be that one has a duty to society, as a special and separate thing, and that this duty consists in considering and deciding what other people ought to do. Now the man who can do anything for or about anybody else than himself is fit to be head of a family, and when he becomes head of a family he has duties to his wife and his children in addition to the former big duty. Then, again, any man who can take care of himself and his family is in a very exceptional position if he does not find in his immediate surroundings people who need his care and have some sort of a personal claim upon him. If now he is able to fulfill all this, and to take care of anybody outside his family and his dependents, he must have a surplus of energy, wisdom, and moral virtue beyond what he needs for his own business. No man has this. For a family is a charge which is capable of infinite development, and no man could suffice to the full measure of duty for which a family may draw upon him. Neither can a man give to society so advantageous an employment of his services, whatever they are, in any other way as by spending them on his family. Upon this, however, I will not insist. I recur to the observation that a man who proposes to take care of other people must have himself and his family taken care of after some sort of a fashion, and must have an as yet unexhausted store of energy.

The danger of minding other people's business is twofold. First, there is the danger that a man may leave his own business unattended to; and second, there is the danger of an impertinent interference with another's affairs. The "friends of humanity" almost always run into both dangers. I am one of humanity, and I do not want any volunteer friends. I regard friendship as mutual, and I want to have my say about it. I suppose that other components of humanity feel in the same way about it. If so, they must regard any one who assumes the rôle of a friend of humanity as impertinent. The reference of the friend of humanity back to his own business is obviously the next step.

Yot we are constantly annoyed, and the legislatures are kept constantly busy, by the people who have made up their minds that it is wise and conducive to happiness to live in a certain way, and who want to compel everybody else to live in their way. Some people have decided to spend Sunday in a certain way, and they want laws passed to make other people spend Sunday in the same way. Some people have resolved to be teetotalers, and they want a law passed to make everybody else a teetotaler. Some people have resolved to eschew luxury, and they want taxes laid to make others eschew luxury. The taxing power is especially something after which the reformer's finger always itches. Sometimes there is an element of self-interest in the proposed reformation, as when a publisher wanted a duty on books to keep Americans from reading books which would unsettle their Americanism, and when artists wanted a tax on pictures to save Americans from buying bad paintings.

I make no reference here to the giving and taking of counsel and aid between man and man: of that I shall say something in the last paper. The very sacredness of the relation in which two men stand to one another, when one of them rescues the other from vice, separates that relation from any connection with the work of the social busybody, the professional philanthropist, and the empirical legislator.

The amateur social doctors are like the amateur physicians: they always begin with the question of *remedies*, and they go at this without any diagnosis or any knowledge of the anatomy or physiology of society. They never have any doubt of the efficacy of their remedies. They never take account of any ulterior effects which may be apprehended from the remedy itself. It generally troubles them not a whit that their remedy implies a complete reconstruction of society, or even a reconstitution of human nature. Against all such social quackery the obvious injunction to the quacks is to mind their own business.

The social doctors enjoy the satisfaction of feeling themselves to be more moral or more enlightened than their fellow-men. They are able to see what other men ought to do when the other men do not see it. An examination of the work of the social doctors, however, shows that they are only more ignorant and more presumptuous than other people. We have a great many social difficulties and hardships to contend with. Poverty, pain, disease, and misfortune surround our existence. We fight against them all the time. The individual is a centre of hopes, affections, desires, and sufferings. When he dies, life changes its form, but does not cease. That means that the person, the centre of all the hopes, affections, etc., after struggling as long as he can, is sure to succumb at last. We would, therefore, as far as the hardships of the human lot are concerned, go on struggling to the best of our ability against them but for the social doctors, and we would endure what we could not cure. But we have inherited a vast number of social ills which never came from nature. They are the complicated products of all the tinkering, muddling, and blundering of social doctors in the past. These products of social quackery are now buttressed by habit, fashion, prejudice, platitudinarian thinking, and new quackery in political economy and social science. Sometimes I think that if the Nihilists could be let loose until they had destroyed about half the work which we have inherited from the "statesmen" and social doctors of the past, and then could be chained up again, they would do us a great service. All this mischief has been done by men who sat down to consider the problem (as I heard an apprentice of theirs once express it), What kind of a society do we want to make? When they had settled this question *a priori* to their satisfaction, they set to work to make their ideal society, and to-day we suffer the consequences. Human society tries hard to adapt itself to any conditions in which it finds itself, and we have been warped and distorted until we have got used to it, as the foot adapts itself to an ill-made boot. Next we have come to think that that is the right way for things to be; and it is true that a change to a sound and normal condition would for a time hurt us, as a man whose foot had been distorted would suffer if he tried to wear a well-shaped boot. Finally, we have produced a lot of economists and social philosophers who have invented sophisms for fitting our thinking to the distorted facts.

Society, therefore, does not need any care or supervision. If we can acquire a science of society, based on observation of phenomena and study of forces, we may hope to gain some ground slowly toward the elimination of old errors and the re-establishment of a sound and natural social order. Whatever we gain that way will be by growth, never in the world by any reconstruction of society on the plan of some enthusiastic social architect. The latter is only repeating the old error over again, and postponing all our chances of real improvement. Society needs first of all to be freed from these meddlers—that is, to be let alone. Here we are, then, once more back at the old doctrine—*laissez-faire*. Let us translate it into blunt English, and it will read, Mind your own business. It is nothing but the doctrine of liberty. Let every man be happy in his own way. If his sphere of action and interest impinges on that of any other man, there will have to be compromise and adjustment. Wait for the occasion. Do not attempt to generalize those interferences or to plan for them *a priori*. We have a body of laws and institutions which have grown up as occasion has occurred for adjusting rights. Let the same process go on. Practice the utmost reserve possible in your interferences even of this kind, and by no means seize occasion for interfering with natural adjustments. Try first long and patiently whether the natural adjustment will not come about through the play of interests and the voluntary concessions of the parties.

I have said that we have an empirical political economy and social science to fit the distortions of our society. The test of empiricism in this matter is the attitude which one takes up toward *laissez-faire*. It no doubt wounds the vanity of a philosopher who is just ready with a new solution of the universe to be told to mind his own business. So he goes on to tell us that if we think that we shall by being let alone attain to perfect happiness on earth, we are mistaken. The half-way men—the professorial socialists—join him. They solemnly shake their heads, and tell us that he is right, that letting us alone will never secure us perfect happiness. Under all this lies the familiar logical fallacy, never expressed, but really the point of the whole, that we *shall* get perfect happiness if we put ourselves in the hands of the world-reformer. We never supposed that *laissez-faire* would give us perfect happiness. We have left perfect happiness entirely out of our account. If the social doctors will mind their own business, we shall have no troubles but what belong to nature. Those we will endure or combat as we can. What we desire is that the friends of humanity should cease to add to them. Our disposition toward the ills which our fellow-man inflicts on us through malice or meddling is quite different from our disposition toward the ills which are inherent in the conditions of human life.

To mind one's own business is a purely negative and unproductive injunction, but, taking social matters as they are just now, it is a sociological principle of the first importance. There may be developed some day a grand philosophy on the basis of minding one's own business.

A MORMON REUNION.

Upon a bleak hill-top in Northern Ohio, some four miles by wagon-road from the farm of Lawnfield, the home of the late President Garfield, and in Geauga County, there has stood, desolate and unclaimed, for nearly fifty years, a "temple" built by Mormons. In outward appearance it is not unlike the ordinary type of a country church. The interior, however, is divided into three stories, each of which forms one great room, devoid of all furniture save a couple of white desks, one at either end. Huge canvas curtains are said to have formerly divided these rooms during the ministrations of the Saints.

A few old residents of Kirtland—the village enjoying the distinction of possessing this temple—relate from personal recollection many strange and ridiculous performances by the leaders of the then new sect.

Public attention is called anew just at present to this weather-beaten, half-forgotten relic of superstition, as extensive repairs have been recently made in the structure, and preparations undertaken for a great reunion of Latter-day Saints, announced to begin upon April 6.

Although it is given out that the incursion of these reunionists is but a temporary affair—a simple visit to a Mecca of their religion—there is considerable agitation among the people of the Western Reserve lest it may prove that they propose staying. Possibly this alarm may not be without some good cause, for all communities wherein this pernicious sect has once intrenched itself have discovered in its strange vitality and capacity for standing persecution a most troublesome element.

Joseph Smith, the first "prophet" and founder of the Church of Latter-day Saints, claimed Vermont for his birth-place, his parents being illiterate residents of Sharon, with some notoriety as "diviners" and fortune-tellers. The young prophet, however, first received "light" in the form of revelations near Palmyra, New York, and later at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, at both of which places his family had lived. It was in the vicinity of the latter place that he claimed to have found by inspiration the book of golden plates hidden in a hill. For these plates, which were about the thickness of tin, and bound together by rings, the following origin was claimed:

Some six hundred years prior to the advent of Christ a band of Israelites was inspired to seek the "promised land," which proved to be Central America, where they greatly increased. Subsequently a vicious and ambitious Jew named Laman was detected in a conspiracy, whereupon he and his adherents were driven forth, and migrated northward. These were the progenitors of the American Indians. A portion of the tribe, however, became a "fair and delightsome" people, and withdrew from their savage fellows, who finally surrounded them, at the scene of the recovery of the plates, and slew them to the extent of two hundred and thirty thousand, Mormon and his son Moroni alone escaping. This son, obeying his parent's injunction, buried the tablets containing the sacred history of this wandering tribe, it being recorded that he who found them should become a "prophet."

Upon this tale and the alleged purport of the mythical plates the excuse rested for the production of the *Book of Mormon*, which was printed at a country job office in Ontario County, New York, in 1830. Soon after its issue the widow of Rev. Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister, recognized its main features as those of a fanciful romance written by her husband chiefly for the amusement of his friends. It also transpired that one Sidney Rigdon, who was among the first promoters of the new creed, was a printer employed in a publishing office in Pittsburgh, whither the author had sent his work, under the name of the *Manuscript Found*, to be printed. Patterson, the publisher, died, and the manuscript disappeared, to come to the surface in its "inspired" form.

The original promoters of the Church soon collected a considerable following, and shortly set out for Ohio, settling at Kirtland early in 1831. After a colony had been formed, and a bank started by Smith and his confidants had been run long enough to fleece most of the faithful, another move was made to Missouri, which seems to have proven a rich recruiting ground, as the proselytes multiplied so rapidly that ere long the elders began to dictate public affairs for the people at large, and defied existing State laws. So it happened that in the summer of 1833 the people of the State dispersed them, after a severe conflict. They still hovered in various portions of the State, however, and raising troops from their number, fought the State militia, by whom they were defeated, and some of their leaders imprisoned. The whole Mormon host, now numbering upward of 12,000, concentrated at a point upon the banks of the Mississippi, in Illinois, and built, almost as though by magic, the city of Nauvoo, signalizing their intention of staying there by rearing a splendid temple of stone, costing, according to the best authorities, not less than one million dollars.

In the mean time Brigham Young, also a native of Vermont, had acquired great ascendency. The Mormon authorities had again assumed great arrogance: the "Saints" at large were recruited from the most lawless classes of the West, and "revelations" became frequent. It was here that the "divine right" of polygamy was first promulgated. Matters at length led to another great uprising, when this ulcer upon the body-politic was rooted out, as far as that section of the country was concerned. The leaders were imprisoned, and the Prophet Smith and his brother Hyrum were carried by force to Carthage, Missouri, where they were shot by a mob at the jail, after the most approved Missourian fashion.

The city of Nauvoo was laid waste, and the Mormon people, under Brigham Young, began a long winter march to the westward, braving every danger and hardship, intent only upon founding another home where they might practice the peculiar tenets of their religion without interference. To what extent this indomitable if misguided people have succeeded in making the "wilderness blossom like the rose" is well known to the world. The writer, who visited Nauvoo but a few days since, found but a peaceful and scattering village, the centre of an agricultural region, its people living the simple life of the American rustic, and regarding the events of the "Mormon war" as something which happened a very long time ago. Of the splendid temple, "not one stone remains upon another."

Through the resistless onward impulse of civilization the "Gentile" has long since reached the Mormon stronghold in Utah. The will of Young no longer sets at defiance the United States government. Salt Lake City is now largely peopled by gentiles, and the churches of many denominations are now to be found within its confines, and the question of Mormonism seems in a fair way to solution through absorption.

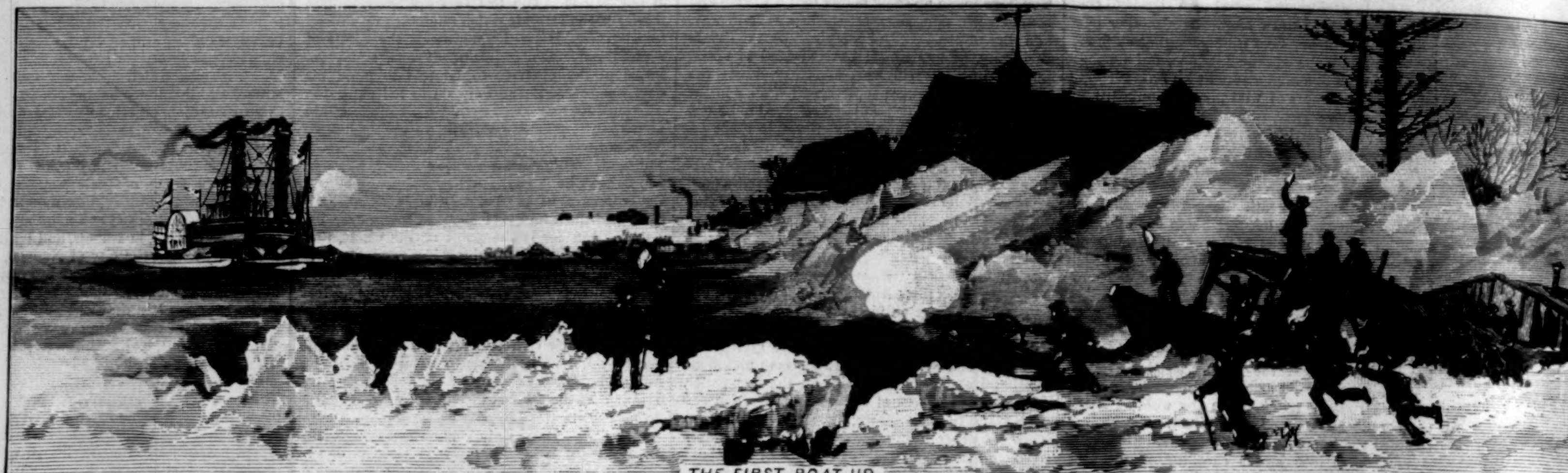
It is to the credit of this people that they have always exhibited great industry and singleness of purpose. The city of Salt Lake was wisely planned and built. Its broad streets are irrigated by pure mountain waters flowing swiftly down in open channels. Its great co-operative Store of Zion is a bazar of trade worthy of any metropolis. There are also some large factories. One of the most imposing residences is the "Amelia Palace," built by President Young for one of his favorite wives.

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.

A good old Friend once declared himself opposed to life-insurance on the ground that it implied a want of trust in Providence. He probably thought that the established means of thrifty saving which his fathers had pursued had been providentially ordained, and accordingly looked upon the new method as an impious innovation. Other people were opposed to it for purely sentimental reasons, such as a reluctance to profit by the death of a relative, or fear that the insurance would be speedily followed by death—a superstition that deters many persons from making a will.

But in spite of many drawbacks arising from mismanagement, and in too many cases from actual fraud, life-insurance, especially in this country, has come to be regarded as a legitimate, safe, and economical method of providing for the future of one's family. For many persons, indeed, it is the only practicable method, since it involves ordinarily but a small present payment. It enables all who are dependent upon labor, brain or muscular, to at once capitalize the product of such labor, to thus discount the probable earnings of future years, and secure them for others. It bestows at our death upon those for whom we care the principal of any sum on which we pay interest while living. It averages the pecuniary calamities which death often entails, requiring of the living contribution to the family of the dead; and in this respect is fully in accord with the principle of mutual dependence on which society rests. Of course no prudent man will assume a policy so large that the payment of the premiums will embarrass him.

Life-insurance does not, of course, absolve one from the habit of other means of thrift, such, for instance, as those offered by savings-banks, government securities, etc. It may be properly regarded as supplementary to these, as a security that sudden death may not leave one's family destitute and dependent. It rests upon the same basis of wise precaution as insurance against fire or accident in travel. As in everything else, judgment and care must be exercised in effecting insurance on one's life to choose a company which rests upon a substantial basis, and which enjoys an unimpeachable record for good business management, and honorable promptness and rectitude in the settlement of losses. The means of obtaining this information are accessible to every one, and no more precaution is necessary than one would apply to any other kind of business.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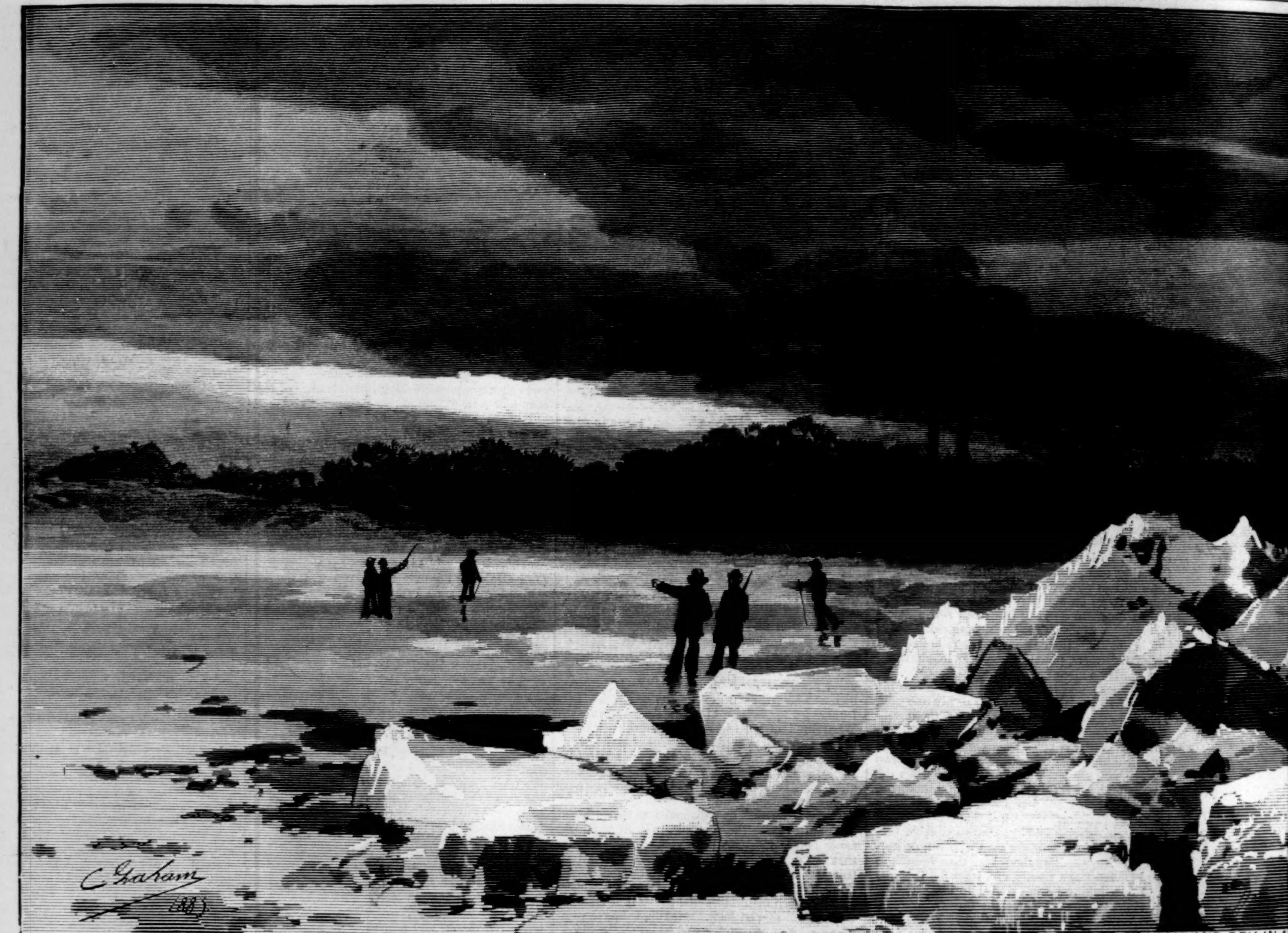

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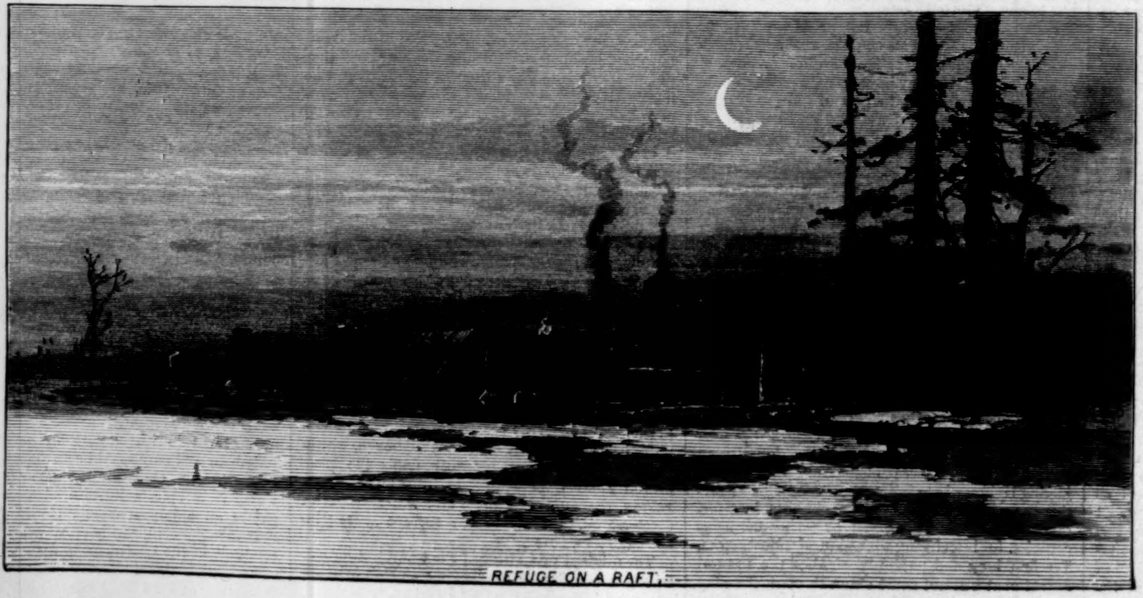
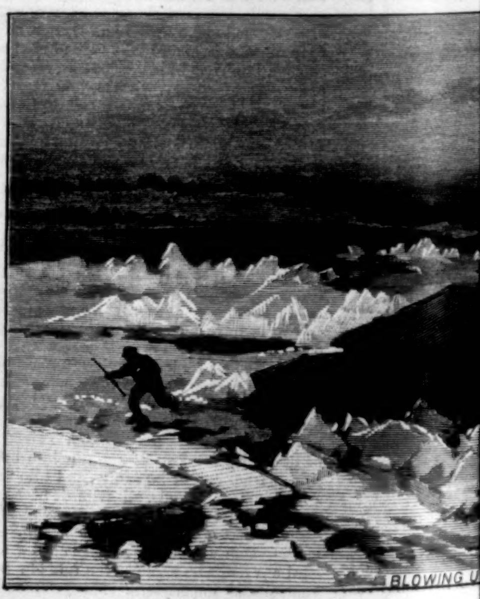

REFUGE ON A RAFT.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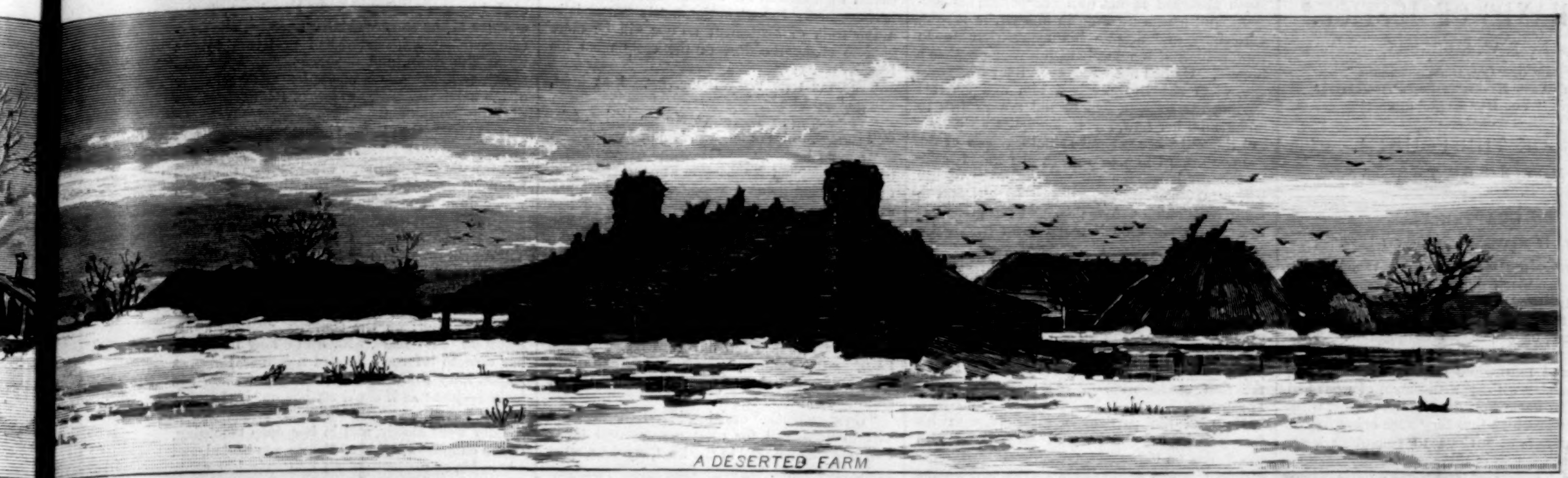
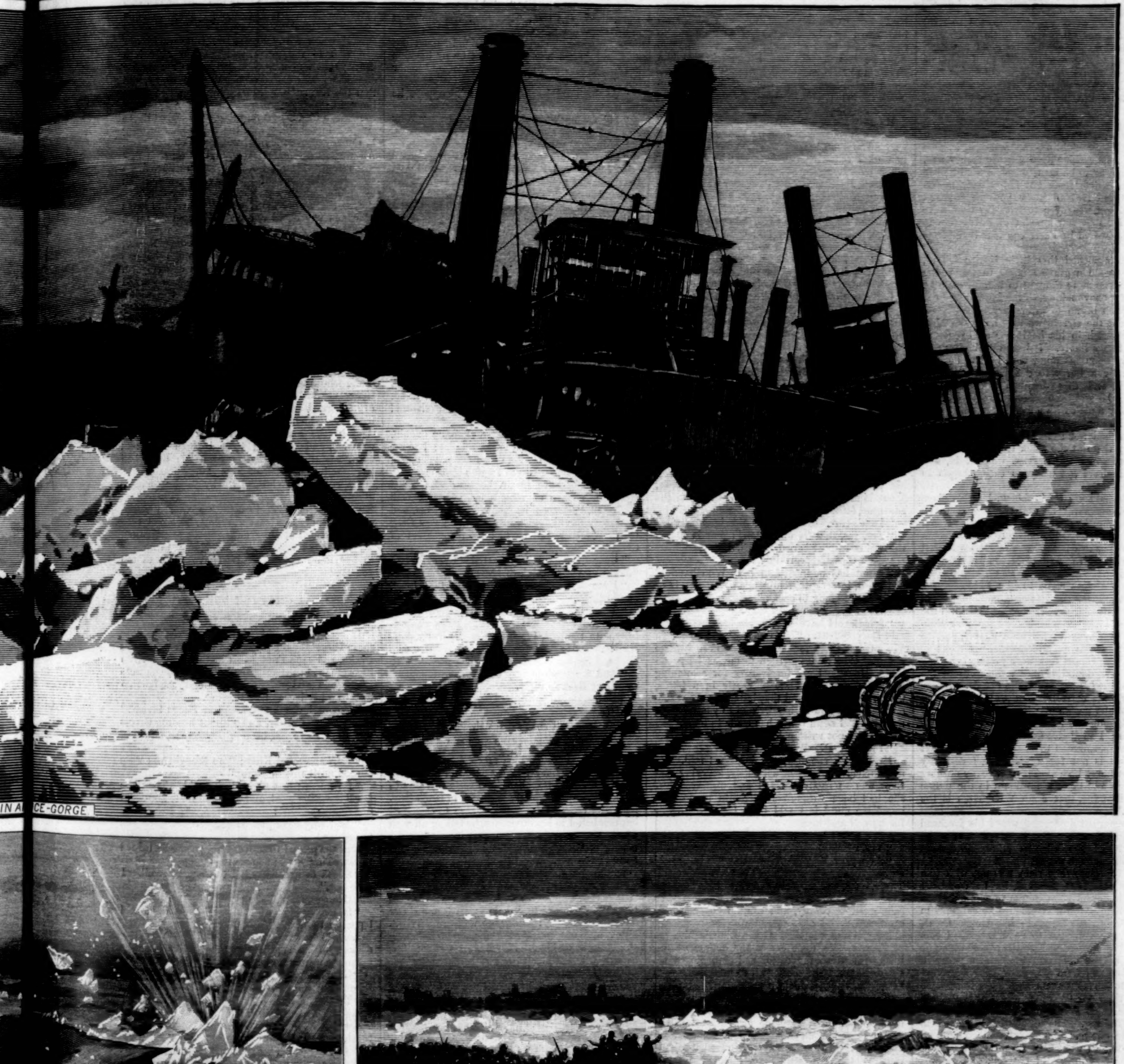
ARCTIC SCENES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI—THE BREAKING U



A DESERTED FARM



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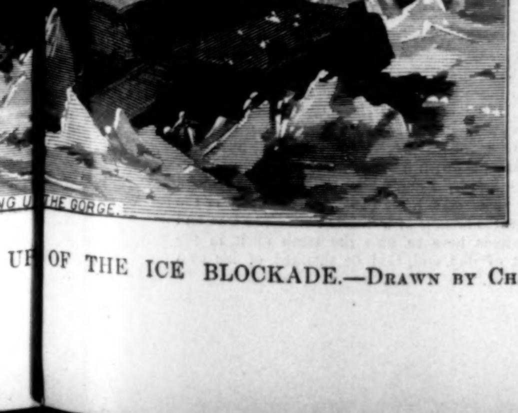

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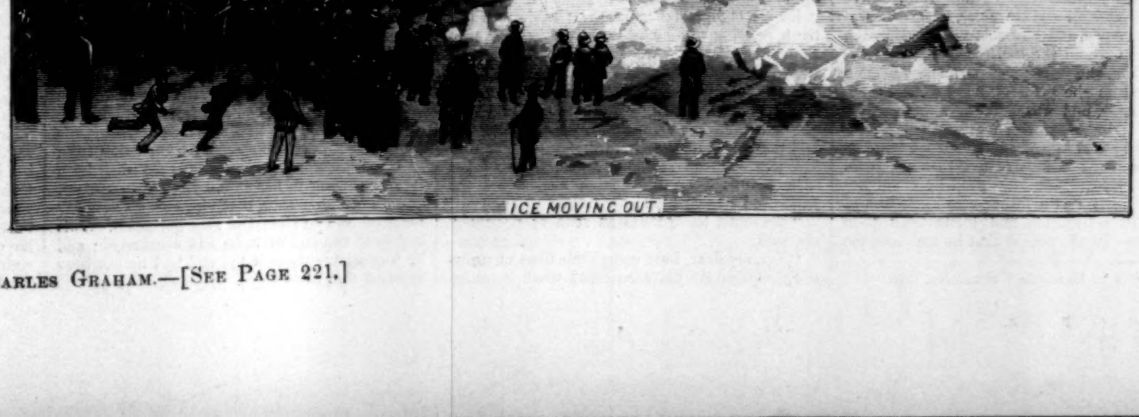

ICE MOVING OUT

UP OF THE ICE BLOCKADE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 221.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IT MATTERED TO LUCY BRAKE.

Meanwhile the news of John Woodhatch's arrest did not reach the ears of Parson Larcom and his daughter.

"They think me guilty—they do not care to write to me, or ask a single question. They think the very worst," John Woodhatch said to himself; and meanwhile they were proceeding on their holiday without a suspicion of what had happened to Farm Forlorn and its owner, without the faintest idea that they were being sought for by busy folk, anxious to constitute them principal characters in this story.

They had proceeded straight to Paris, where Mr. Larcom, with a horror of hotels and the expenses to which he might be subjected therein, had procured apartments in a little side street near the Rue de Richelieu. They did not dash into a round of sight-seeing, after the fashion of new-comers to the gay city; sight-seeing was hardly in Mr. Larcom's life, and they were scarcely in the fit and proper mood to enjoy this great change in their lives, they discovered, after they had attempted to settle down. There was much business to attend to, trustees to find, and their own identity to establish, and much wearisome business in understanding where the money was, and how it was to be transferred, and all this in a language which Lucy but imperfectly understood, and Mr. Larcom knew nothing of; and when business was over for the day they were too tired for that fair amount of distraction to which Englishmen in Paris consider themselves entitled.

Then it happened that little Morice fell ill, and there came a grave anxiety to the young mother, and no more thought of holiday-making, or even of money-making, to the Larcoms.

Mr. Larcom began to grow very sick of wandering about the streets without Lucy and Morice, and to wish in his heart for an excuse to return to Skegs Shore. It began to impress itself slowly upon his mind that he had been in too unseemly a hurry to get away from John Woodhatch, and that John Woodhatch must have noticed it and been offended by it; and the parson being a man with a conscience, this began to render him unhappy.

Why he had not asked John Woodhatch to accompany them at the slack time of the farming season, when the harvest was all in, and John could have got away so easily, began to harass him.

"I could have existed in this unchristian place with John, mayhap," he muttered; "but to be trapesing about by myself, and with never a soul to speak to, is a terreeble nuisance, and the sooner the law business is settled, and Morice is well again, the better for a quiet Methodist like me, I'm thinking."

Finally the news came to him suddenly, and a day or two after the first examination of John Woodhatch at Lincoln. It startled him from the pages of a hastily scrawled letter from the gentleman left in charge of his little chapel, and to whom he had sent his address and a request to know how the chapel folk were getting on.

"You have doubtless heard the news of the man Woodhatch's arrest for the murder of your son-in-law," his correspondent added, in a light and almost airy postscript; "and I do not wonder at your keeping away from Lincolnshire as long as you can. I shall give no one your address until I receive permission to do so; and as the next examination is not for a fortnight, I certainly should not hurry home. There is really nothing to be done—and there is no doubt in the public mind, or in mine, that John Woodhatch is the murderer."

Mr. Larcom sat down, and wiped his forehead with his silk pocket-handkerchief. Was he dreaming?—or was all this stern, sober, solid fact?—solid enough to crush him!

It was fortunate that Lucy was not with him when the letter was received, for he could not make up his mind what course to adopt, and he thought it would be necessary to be cautious in communicating the news to his daughter. Of late days she appeared to have recovered considerably in health and spirits; her thoughts were not always of Morris, and the mystery of his murder, and here was now the old, awful business to the front again, with a horrible sequel in which their one friend stood out as the villain of the piece. He did not believe it, and then he hoped he did not. There must be some wretched mistake—he had known John Woodhatch all his life—but in what way Lucy would look at the matter now he could not tell. There was the powerful reminiscence of how Lucy Brake had looked at it five years since, when she was first struck down, and how this very Woodhatch was the man whom she had connected with the crime. True, she was grief-stricken and distraught, and as she grew stronger she set the suspicion aside, and was sorry it had ever distressed her; but now, with fresh evidence—evidence that had been considered strong enough to justify John Woodhatch's arrest—what would Lucy do? He did not know, and he could not imagine. Never was a father who knew less of his daughter's thoughts and inclinations than Alec Larcom, for the reason that he had been too much absorbed in his own occupation, his sermons, and his flock—even in himself, be it said, regretfully, and despite his many virtues—to trouble himself too deeply with a young woman's fancies. He had not understood Lucy five years ago, when she had deceived him and married without his consent, and he did not profess to understand her now, for all her quiet words, her sad thoughts, her general submissiveness of demeanor toward him, as though she would make amends by it for the past disobedience of her life. "Women are beyond me," he had said to John Woodhatch before this. "I can preach at them, John, but I don't make them out—not a scrap."

He went forth that morning to a public library where the English papers were kept, and spent an hour in looking over them and arriving at a definite idea of all that had occurred from the evening of his departure from Skegs Shore; and when he returned there was a Lincolnshire newspaper waiting for him, with the details in full of the first examination of the master of Farm Forlorn.

He read the particulars carefully, with his face growing very grave and extra lined, with the doubts on his mind increasing and gathering weight. It was so plausible a story, and he was one behind the scenes, who knew John Woodhatch better than the world did—who had known him years ago in Canada, and had helped to change him from a rough, desperate fellow to what he was at present. He had known him violent and strange enough; what if the old bad blood had leaped to the front again in the moment of his disappointment, his anger against Morris for supplanting him?

He was not a hero, Alec Larcom. Naturally he was a suspicious man, and a man of the world, who understood what evil might lie at the bottom of a fellow-creature's heart; he had never taken human goodness upon trust. He remembered all John Woodhatch's career at once, dating from his first murderous attack upon Gregory Dorward senior; he bore in mind the strange manner of John's latter days, the sudden change in him, the new mystery and eccentricity about him, and he linked it all with the story which had reached him from Skegs Shore.

"I hope it isn't true," he said, "but I am desperately afraid it is. It reads like truth to me."

Later in the day he broke the news to Lucy Brake. Little Morice was better, and pronounced out of danger. The child would be well in a few days again, it was said, and hence Lucy was stronger and better than she had been since her arrival in the French capital. Strong enough to hear the news, which her father was afraid might reach her from another source and wholly cast her down. It was his duty to tell her, and he had been a man always proud of doing his duty under adverse circumstances.

"Lucy," said he, suddenly, after their late English supper, "I have had news from Skegs Shore to-day."

"To-day," was the quick reply, "and you have not told me before this! Ah! it is bad news. There is more trouble. We are not long in the sunshine, father."

"That's true. But, then, trouble is sent for—"

"Yes, yes, that is understood; but is it any the less bearable?" cried Lucy, irritably.

"To a Christian, certainly, for—"

"What has happened to John Woodhatch?" she cried, interrupting him again, "for it is of him you are going to speak."

"What made you think that?"

"I believe I have had foreknowledge of it," said Lucy, quickly; "he is on my mind so much. We left him in so dark a mood, and in so strange a way. He has not written to me, as he promised. He asked my forgiveness for something which he was to tell me presently in a letter, poor foolish John! and that letter has not reached me. And now he has written to you instead; and it is bad news which has come to hand."

"He has not written, but it *is* bad news."

"I knew that. Well, what is it?"

Mr. Larcom coughed, and hesitated still. He approached the subject nervously, knowing that Lucy was so easily affected and dismayed. If she had been throughout her life less of an impulsive child, it would have been the better for herself and him.

"It is about John Woodhatch," he said, slowly.

"Yes, yes."

"And poor Morris," he added; "it is the old story cropping up afresh, to the horror of us all. There, Lucy, you can read the rest of it," he said, tendering her the newspaper, "and for the Lord's sake read it calmly, and think it over calmly afterward."

Lucy Brake snatched at the Lincolnshire paper, and gave a little cry at the ominous headlines with which the editor had embellished his columns; then she set herself to master the contents—this new version of an old tragedy which had altered her whole life.

Mr. Larcom watched her nervously from the background, and took hope presently from the firm expression on the fair face before him. The truth had not wholly dismayed her, the past spectres rising up from their graves had not completely daunted her.

Lucy Brake would know the truth, the whole truth, or what these Lincolnshire folk were proclaiming noisily *was* the truth, and till then, at least, she was strong and self-possessed. There were no tears to fall from those blue wondering eyes, and though the lips quivered now and then at portions of the evidence, they were set firmly and closely together afterward.

When she had read the whole facts of the case against John Woodhatch she folded the paper and returned it to her father.

"We must leave Paris as soon as possible," she said.

"Yes, my dear, I am completely tired of it myself," replied Mr. Larcom; "but there is no occasion for haste so far as this unfortunate case is concerned. But when the money matter is in a fair train of settlement no one will be more glad to shake the dust of the ceety from his feet."

"We must go away to-morrow. I, at least, will go," said Lucy.

"To-morrow! Ye forget Morice will not be well enough to leave her bed," replied the father.

"I must leave Morice," was the extraordinary reply to this, and Mr. Larcom at once arrived at the conclusion that his daughter's brain had suddenly and completely turned. For Morice had been all and everything to Lucy, whose morbid, passionate love for her had made an idol of the child, and whose life had been absorbed in her, and in nothing else that lived and breathed and loved her.

"Leave Morice!" gasped forth the father.

"Yes. She is out of danger—completely out of danger, and in a few days will be well," said Lucy. "She and one nurse, and you, if you will, can follow me as speedily as you can, but I must go to him at once."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom; "but why to him—and for what reason—and how? I—I don't understand in the least, my dear, what ye purpose doing."

"I don't know myself," cried Lucy, very wildly and helplessly at last; "but John Woodhatch is in trouble—his life is in danger—he has been unjustly accused, and we, his friends, must not keep away from him. We must be by his side in these cruel times to show we trust and honor him."

"Ye don't think, then—ye don't suppose he did it?" said the parson, hesitatingly.

"I!" exclaimed Lucy, passionately. "Why should I think so badly of him?"

"Well, my dear, if ye remember—"

"I remember nothing but that he is in prison," cried Lucy, "and I know the man so well, and the true and noble heart he has! He kill my husband!—he would have been his best and stoutest friend had Morris lived, and Morris would have looked up to him as his guide. It is only people who have never known John Woodhatch who will, for an instant, think this deadly harm of him."

"Preceesely so. That's it," muttered the bewildered parson, losing all wish to argue the point, and feeling like a miserable hypocrite.

"I have only understood him of late days," continued Lucy. "I have learned so much of him from poor Hester, and of the good he has sought to bring about. I have seen his efforts to think the best of all by whom he has been surrounded, his sorrow at those efforts failing him, and the desperately wicked going their own way, until one has marvelled at his self-sacrifices. And this man to be charged with murder—oh! it is infamous."

"Preceesely so," said Mr. Larcom again. "He's a wanderful character is John; I never met a man like him. And yet I am poozled, too, as to why he wanted ye to forgive him."

"He would have given the man who killed Morris a chance of repentance, of salvation," she cried, "because he knew who he was, and was sorry for him—because the man was Greg Dorward, father, and he had been so proud of Greg."

"Greg Dorward!" repeated Mr. Larcom. "What makes ye think of him?"

"I am sure of it. I see it all," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"Greg Dorward!" said Mr. Larcom again. "That would account for much. Ye're wanderfully cute to-night, Lucy, or I'm dradfully dull. My head aches fit to split, and the truth seems too hard for me to wrastle with just now."

"And the truth is very close to me to-night," was Lucy Brake's reply.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW IT MATTERED TO GREG.

By the last train which reached Skegs Shore the next night Lucy Brake arrived in her native place. She had travelled from early morning to night-fall, impelled by the one wish to reach England and comfort John Woodhatch by her own implicit belief in his innocence, by telling all with whom she came in contact that it was not the master of Farm Forlorn who had struck her husband out of life. She had travelled in company with the one maid-servant whom they had taken from Skegs Shore; she had left little Morice getting better, and in the best of hands; she had begged her father to remain in Paris for a few days longer; and thinking only of John Woodhatch, and not considering for an instant why she thought of him, thus strangely and forcibly, as one whose life she might brighten by her presence near him and her faith in him, she had hastened away to England "more like a mad thing," as her father had observed, "than a rational and senseeble female, if there were such an article anywhere." She it was who realized the true position of the accused, and what his feelings were under the awful charge which had been preferred against him; she knew he would neither protest his innocence nor rave against those who thought him guilty. She was certain now that she had left behind her at Skegs Shore one deeply aggrieved and bitterly disappointed, a man who had given way rashly—and like a man—when she, the last faint hope he had had, perhaps, had fled from him with the rest of them. The stern, sad face had been before her with every hour since her parting from him, and the words which he had said had been forever ringing in her ears. He had been sure, despite *her* assurance, that she was going away for good and he should not see her again. This had been the end of it, he had considered; and he would have made it the end had he not been arrested that same night.

The cottage next the chapel had not been occupied by the gentleman acting as deputy in the absence of the Reverend Alec Larcom; the new-comer, being a bachelor, had preferred to put up at the Swan, and hence Lucy and the domestic took possession of the house without any of the neighbors being aware of their return until the following morning.

"Oh! they have found you out, then, and brought you back?" said one, at the first glimpse of Lucy the next morning, when she was equipped for a second journey, and this time to Lincoln, where John Woodhatch was.

"No; I am back of my own accord," answered Lucy Brake; "it was my duty to come."

"They'll want you pretty soon as a witness, Mrs. Brake."

"To the innocence of John Woodhatch—yes."

The neighbor looked surprised, but said no more just then; on the contrary, scuttled away, being an old woman, with a fine long tongue of her own, to inform a second neighbor for what reason Lucy Brake had come back, and how she looked—just "as if she'd eat her up" if she went on talking.

Lucy went slowly, and in her deep mourning, to the church-yard where Morris was buried, and where his sister had joined him only last week. The train which would bear her part of the way to Lincolnshire was not due for three-quarters of an hour, and she could not rest in-doors now that she was ready to depart. She would pay one visit to the grave, and murmur over it a prayer that she might be guided to act rightly and justly in all that she purposed to do, and that the truth might come quickly and save the innocent.

It was a fine, bright morning, with Skegs Shore steeped in sunshine, and the lazy rooks floating in the sky above the big trees in the church-yard. All was at peace and rest, and those who saw the young widow passing through the village stepped aside out of her way, respecting the mission which they guessed was on her mind.

Still, there were many watching her, and some of whom she could not possibly have dreamed. And presently two of the latter, a man and woman, the former leaning on the woman's arm, and walking with difficulty, as though he was weak and ill, approached her in the church-yard.

The click of the latch of the gate had warned Lucy Brake of their approach, and the widow looked up quickly, like one ready to resent any intrusion upon her sorrow. Then she put her hands to her heart, as if to check a scream of surprise which might escape her in that instant of her consternation.

For it was Kitty Vanch who was approaching—she who had been called Kitty Vanch before Greg Dorward married her. And it was Gregory Dorward leaning on her arm, with a white, firm face, which scared her by its new expression. And in the background, waiting in the dusty roadway, and glancing toward them now and then, was the third figure from the dark, bad past, the housekeeper of Farm Forlorn.

"Kitty," she exclaimed, "why do you—and *he*—come to me at this time?"

"It was his wish to come," answered Kitty, calmly, "and his wishes are mine."

Lucy looked at Greg, as if for the explanation.

"I will tell you," Greg said, slowly, in answer to her mute appeal. "We have come to tell you all."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

It seemed something more than chance that these three should meet at the grave of Morris Brake, and each thought so in that hour. Even the woman in the background, beyond the church-yard, quiet and watchful and silent, thought so too. To her it was like Destiny.

"How did you know I was at Skegs Shore?" asked Lucy of Kitty, and without heeding Greg's words. "Have you been spying on me, either of you?"

"No," answered Kitty; "we thought you were abroad until this morning."

"I returned last night," she said. Then she faced Greg Dorward, and with a shudder she could not repress, added:

"And why have *you* come? What have you to tell me?"

His lips parted to address her; then he turned to his young wife, and said:

"Speak to her, Kitty. I can not, after all. I dare not."

"Courage, Greg," she replied.

"It is not lack of courage," he said, "but I have not the right."

Lucy looked from one to the other until Kitty spoke again, when she fixed her great blue eyes upon her wonderingly.

"Greg has come to ask forgiveness of that poor fellow lying there," said Kitty, in a low, firm voice.

"Then—then he—"

As she paused, Kitty Vanch went on, calmly: "Yes. He killed Morris, and is going to Lincoln to confess it."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Lucy, fervently. "The truth comes out at last, and I have prayed for truth. And it was you, Greg Dorward—you of all men, then?"

"Yes," answered Greg.

He was content to answer, but he would hazard no explanation, which he left to Kitty now. He stood there with his face in shadow, and his dark eyes bent upon his victim's grave—a sad, stern figure, with all the light quenched from him.

"In a sudden quarrel brought about by watching Morris—with a sudden blow following an attack of Morris upon him, Greg Dorward killed your husband," Kitty continued. "That is the miserable history of it, neither more nor less, and he comes here to own the truth of it, in the sight of day, and, God be thanked, of his own free-will."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"To save John Woodhatch—this?" exclaimed Lucy.

"To save the master," said Greg, in deep response, "yes."

The tears rose to the eyes of Lucy Brake, but she passed a hand before her eyes and dashed them away. She was excited, almost bewildered, by the avowal which had thus been made her. Before she could speak again Kitty went on in a new and excited tone herself.

"So you see, Mrs. Brake—Lucy, if I may still call you so, being Greg's wife, that is—he is not so wholly bad, not so very bad, as God will judge him now and—presently. He has suffered for his crime, even in disguising it—oh! more than he will ever own; he had hoped to live it down, and make atonement for it by a better life; he tried so hard; he did the best he could! Pray think this, if you can."

"I have not time to think," said Lucy, in reply, "it is all so sudden and terrible and just. Did *you* marry him, knowing what he was?"

"Oh yes," said Kitty; "why should I not? He was ill, and in danger at Bolter's Rents of going back to his old life, in sheer despair of God and man. I thought I could save him; and he and I," putting her hand in his confidently and lovingly, "have been together in all the troubles of our lives."

"Still—"

"Still he is the man who killed your husband. Ah! we both know that," cried Kitty, "and we both are sorry. And, Lucy Brake, I want you to remember some day—not now, with your heart closed against him—that when the master was arrested, when we heard it first of all, it was Greg who was strong enough to say, 'The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, or my life be spared at the expense of his.'"

"I will remember," said Lucy, softly.

"And so," cried Kitty, warmly, "John Woodhatch did not wholly fail with him, you see, but taught him love and gratitude. That's something—that's a great deal; and John Woodhatch will be glad."

"What do you intend to do, Greg Dorward?" asked Lucy, turning to him at last, but not looking at him; fearing even to look at him, with the truth so plain before them all.

"I proceed to Lincoln and give myself up," he answered, very firmly.

"Now?"

"Yes, at once."

"And you wish to do this, Greg, with all your heart?"

"With all my heart and soul," he answered.

"It is surely true atonement," she murmured; "and it makes amends for much. And you who love him wish this, too?" she asked, turning to Kitty again—"you, his wife?"

"Yes," answered Kitty, "though in wishing it I lose him."

"You are a brave woman, Kitty Vanch," said Lucy; "and Heaven will reward you."

"Heaven will reward me by bringing him back to me, after a little while, I hope," Kitty replied; "for I think—we all think and hope and pray—our story will be believed, and that this was not murder in cold blood, or murder that was contemplated. Believing that Greg, in good time—in God's good time—will come back to me, to begin life afresh, with the blessing of the master on us, and the grace of your forgiveness."

"And at—the worst?" asked Lucy, fearfully.

"Well, then, we are prepared for it," said Kitty, taking her husband's hand in hers again, "and will look forward still, and—beyond!"

"For such repentance and faith there is surely pardon in heaven," Lucy replied, in a low, trembling voice; "and where He forgives I have no right to stay the comfort which I may afford the guilty. Greg, you darkened my whole life when you killed poor Morris there, but I forgive you for it."

She extended her hand to him, and with a faint, stifled cry, he took it in his own and raised it very reverently to his lips. But he could not speak to her, or look at her again. The very darkness he had brought about, and of which she had just spoken, had brought round too his pity and his love for her, and a wild dream of making her life happy by way of atonement for his crime; but of this he could never speak, and she would always marvel why he had thought of the one woman in the world whom he had so cruelly injured.

"You are going to Lincoln?" she said again to Kitty.

"Yes, in a few moments we leave here."

"I—I was going too," said Lucy. "I wished to be near John Woodhatch in his trouble, to assure him I did not for a moment place any credence in his guilt, and to be of help to him in any way I could. But I do not think he—he will need me now," she added, hesitatingly; "and I may be in the way of him, or of—of any plans he may have. Tell him that, Kitty, when you see him, as you will see him soon, I hope."

"Yes, I will tell him," said Kitty, thoughtfully regarding her.

"And say I am very glad his innocence is proved. This, because I may not see him now to tell him so myself," she added.

"You remain at Skegs Shore?"

"Yes," answered Lucy.

"You will see him, then, I think."

Thus they parted, and Lucy went slowly away, noting that Greg Dorward and his wife moved a step or two more closely to the grave of Morris Brake. Mrs. Chadderton bowed as Lucy passed, but did not speak; on the contrary, went back a step or two, till Lucy stopped her by a question.

"You are going with them to Lincoln, Mrs. Chadderton?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. Kitty will have need of me."

"God protect you all!" said Lucy Brake, in answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK."

By MARY A. BARR.

I WOULDNA gie a copper plack
For ony man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna tak his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in ony boat
Which he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,
And Fortune gies a man the plea,
Where'er he be,
It isna hard to understand
How he may walk through house and land
Wi' cheerfu' face and open hand,
Continually;

But when, i' spite o' wark and care,
A man must loss and failure bear,
He merits praise
Wha will not to misfortune bow,
Wha cocks his bonnet on his brow
And fights and fights, he kensna how,
Through lang, hard days.

I wouldna gie an auld bawbee
For ony man that I could see
Wha didna hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The kindness o' his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
Far mair than gold.

Nor is it hard for him to do,
Wha kens his friends are leal and true,
Love sweet and strong,
Whose hearth knows not from year to year
The shadow of a doubt or fear,
Or feels the falling of a tear
For ony wrong;

But gie *him* praise whose love is pain,
Wha, wrong'd, forgives, and loves again,
And though he grieves,
Lets not the dear one from his care,
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,
And still believes.

Ay, gie him praise wha doesna fear
The up-hill fight from year to year,
And wha grips fast
His ain dear ones through good or ill,
Wha, if they wander, loves them still:
Some day of joy he'll get his fill;
He'll win at last.

A TRIP OVER "CROOKED WATER."

(*Continued from front page.*)

scene so weird and uncanny as to baffle description. The black water shimmering in the fire-light, the gaunt tree trunks rearing themselves into an upper vagueness, from which depends, straight and motionless, the cerement-like hangings of gray moss, the dark lagoons penetrating the swamps, and bordered by fantastically horrible forms, the hurried flight of startled night-birds, all combine to form a picture that will remain forever indelibly impressed upon the minds of those who view it. The passengers involuntarily gather closer together, and talk in more subdued tones, as they gaze upon the rapid unfolding of the wonderful panorama, which fascinates them as by a spell. Suddenly a few chords are struck from a banjo on the lower deck, and a dozen rough but melodious voices break out in some old plantation melody abounding in minors and long-drawn refrains, and in perfect harmony with the hour and surroundings. One of these songs was so similar to those sung by the Arab boatmen on the Nile that for the moment the writer felt himself to be sitting on the little deck of a dahabeeyah, floating down with the smooth current of the majestic Egyptian river. The first few lines were—

"All night long,
Jesa, Jesa,
On my knees,
Jesa, Jesa,
Begging God,
Jesa, Jesa,
To gib me ease,
Jesa, Jesa."

The refrain "Jesa, Jesa," running through the song in a bass monotone was identical with the "Allah, Allah," or "Moosa, Moosa" of the Arabs, and lent the peculiar rhythmical drone that forms so prominent a feature of Oriental melodies.

A few of the passengers remain on deck until nearly midnight to witness the passage of the "gate of the Ocklawaha," which is simply the passing of the steamer through a channel so narrow that there is barely room for it, and bounded on either side by an immense cypress-tree; but the majority retire early, in order to be up in the morning in time to see the "Run."

Soon after daylight the boat leaves the river, and, turning sharply to the right, enters the "Run," a stream so clear that it is like a body of crystal glass confined by wooded banks. For nine miles the steamer makes her way against the swift current of the "Run." Its bottom is of white sand, from which spring long feathery grasses and other beautiful forms of marine vegetation, that wave in the transparent waters as though tossed by currents of air. At the end of the nine miles the boat glides over the bosom of Silver Spring, and runs up to a little wharf on its further shore. A cushioned row-boat awaits the tourist who would still further explore the wondrous beauties of the spring, and in a moment after entering it he experiences all the sensations of an aeronaut. His boat has become an air-ship, and is floating in thinnest ether, high above the world, down upon which he gazes. So still is the water, and so wonderfully distinct the shadows, that a photograph taken of some object upon the bank of the spring is equally accurate whether inverted or held upright.

Silver Spring is wonderful, and as well worth seeing as though it were the only one of its kind in the State, and it well repays the two hours allotted to its inspection. At the end of this time the traveller either returns to his boat, which is prepared for the return trip to Palatka, or takes the cars of the Florida Southern Railway, and reaches Palatka in a few hours, instead of the next morning, as will be the case with the boat.

Some idea of the crookedness of the Ocklawaha may be gained by comparing the distance travelled by the steamers between Palatka and Okahumkee, the head of navigation, which is 275 miles, with that of an air-line, which would be but eighty. Very truly does the name "crooked water" apply to this mysterious river; but in this very crookedness lies its chief charm, which is that of constant anticipation. KIRK MUNROE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

MR. KEELY, the alleged inventor, is trying to invent a description of the motor which he claims to have invented. The description is to be a part of his application for letters patent. An account of his labors says that he has already covered nearly eight hundred foolscap pages with writing, and that he is "trying to describe his machine in language that can be understood."

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern has been apprenticed to a locksmith, in accordance with a custom of the royal family requiring each of its scions to learn a trade. If the Czar of Russia should find some morning that he had forgotten the combination of his bedroom-door lock, it would be pleasant to be able to summon a royal locksmith to let him out.

Residents of Colorado claim that no native of that State has died there of consumption. Colorado was made a State about the year 1875. Those who were born in the State are now running the gauntlet of measles, mumps, whooping-cough, and croup. Consumption is not likely to attack the survivors for several years to come.

Persons who arrayed themselves in spring attire and went forth into the brightness of Easter returned to find comfort in glowing fires. It has been many years since Easter has come so early in the season, and many years more must pass before it comes so early again.

An alarmist in New Hampshire is forced to the conclusion that "the year is not far away when the race that settled New Hampshire, and has furnished the brain and brawn that have made the little commonwealth famous, will have become practically extinct in this State." Natal and mortuary figures tell him that in 1881 there was an actual loss of eight hundred in the American population of the State from the excess of deaths over births. In connection with this showing, he mentions "the steady streams of emigration which carry our Yankees south and west, and fill their places with Canadians and Irishmen."

The war-cloud, considerably smaller than a man's hand, which was reported as being visible on the horizon, has disappeared. It is now denied that the British minister in Washington sent a communication to Secretary Frelinghuysen suggesting that if anything should occur to interrupt the friendly relations existing between England and the United States, the friendly relations of the two governments might suffer interruption.

It was announced not long ago that the squirrels had become too numerous in Central Park, and that on a certain morning the Park policemen, armed with guns, would begin thinning them out. In one of the newspaper offices a reporter was assigned to "cover" the squirrel-hunt.

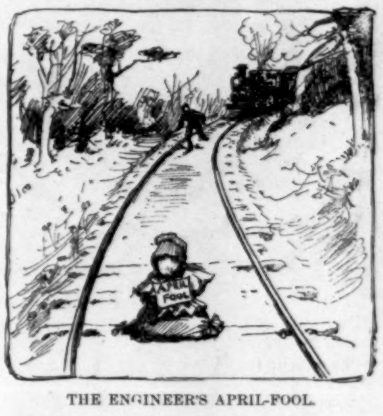
"What if I get shot?" he asked.

"Keep with the squirrels, and you won't," was the reply.

A citizen of the United States of the name of Cope has been hailed as the first genuine American lord, because the Pope at Rome has made him a marquis. He is at least second on the list; for some three years ago a wealthy Californian named Murphy was similarly honored by his Holiness. Both the Marquis Cope and the Marquis Murphy have given large sums of money to the Roman Catholic Church.

A recent calamity in the town of El Dorado, Kansas, carries with it a warning to all growing places not to house their prisoners and fire apparatus under the same roof. A building there used as a jail and fire-engine house was set on fire by a drunken prisoner. Whether there was a bar-room in the same building is not stated. The prisoner could not get out to give the alarm to the fire-engine company, because he was securely locked up in jail. If the firemen had been informed of the fire, they could not have rescued the prisoner, because their apparatus was on fire. The building burned down, and the prisoner perished in the flames.

The English press generally discredits Lady Florence Dixie's account of an attempt to assassinate her. While affecting to believe that she thinks she was attacked and stabbed by two men in woman's clothing, many of the London papers quote medical authorities as to the vagaries of persons subject to hysteria. An inquiry in the House of Commons as to whether the government would offer a reward for the arrest of the would-be assassins was greeted with roars of laughter. It is said that Lady Florence's friends believe that she was attacked, with the intention only of frightening her, however. It would be difficult to imagine anything more exasperating than to be laughed at after having undergone what she claims to have experienced.



THE ENGINEER'S APRIL-FOOL.

Chicago foot-pads have ceased to attack men at night, and are robbing women by daylight on the streets.

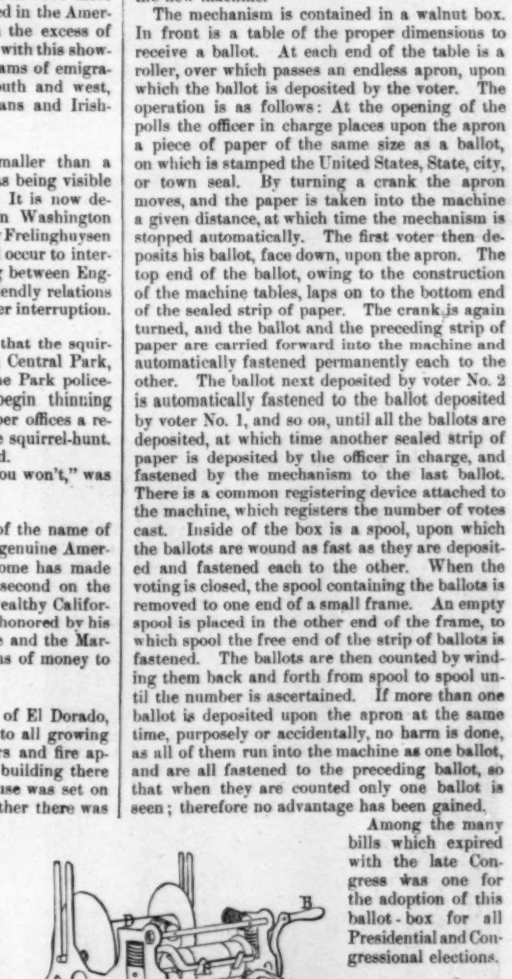
The tribute of New York city to the memory of the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," had the appearance of being perfunctory and without heart. Ten thousand persons, perhaps, visited the room in the City Hall in which the coffin of John Howard Payne lay. The majority of them seemed to have been brought there by curiosity. Although ample notice of the arrival of the remains had been given, there was no one to say at the head of the coffin that the thousands in this city to whom the memory of home is almost as precious as the hope of heaven were glad that the dust of Payne had been brought back to the land of his birth. Even the conspicuous omission to have the notes of his immortal song heard at his bier would have been made but for the forethought of Mr. P. S. Gilmore.

A NEW BALLOT-BOX.

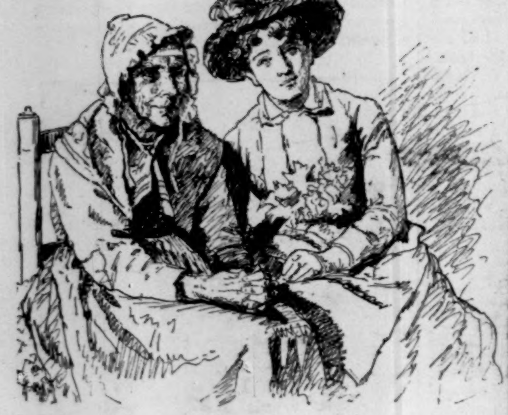
MR. A. C. CARY has invented a ballot-box which he claims will, if adopted, prevent "stuffing," and secure a fair count. The diagram herewith printed, with the inventor's description, will enable the reader to understand the working of the new machine.

The mechanism is contained in a walnut box. In front is a table of the proper dimensions to receive a ballot. At each end of the table is a roller, over which passes an endless apron, upon which the ballot is deposited by the voter. The operation is as follows: At the opening of the polls the officer in charge places upon the apron a piece of paper of the same size as a ballot, on which is stamped the United States, State, city, or town seal. By turning a crank the apron moves, and the paper is taken into the machine a given distance, at which time the mechanism is stopped automatically. The first voter then deposits his ballot, face down, upon the apron. The top end of the ballot, owing to the construction of the machine tables, laps on to the bottom end of the sealed strip of paper. The crank is again turned, and the ballot and the preceding strip of paper are carried forward into the machine and automatically fastened permanently each to the other. The ballot next deposited by voter No. 2 is automatically fastened to the ballot deposited by voter No. 1, and so on, until all the ballots are deposited, at which time another sealed strip of paper is deposited by the officer in charge, and fastened by the mechanism to the last ballot. There is a common registering device attached to the machine, which registers the number of votes cast. Inside of the box is a spool, upon which the ballots are wound as fast as they are deposited and fastened each to the other. When the voting is closed, the spool containing the ballots is removed to one end of a small frame. An empty spool is placed in the other end of the frame, to which spool the free end of the strip of ballots is fastened. The ballots are then counted by winding them back and forth from spool to spool until the number is ascertained. If more than one ballot is deposited upon the apron at the same time, purposely or accidentally, no harm is done, as all of them run into the machine as one ballot, and are all fastened to the preceding ballot, so that when they are counted only one ballot is seen; therefore no advantage has been gained.

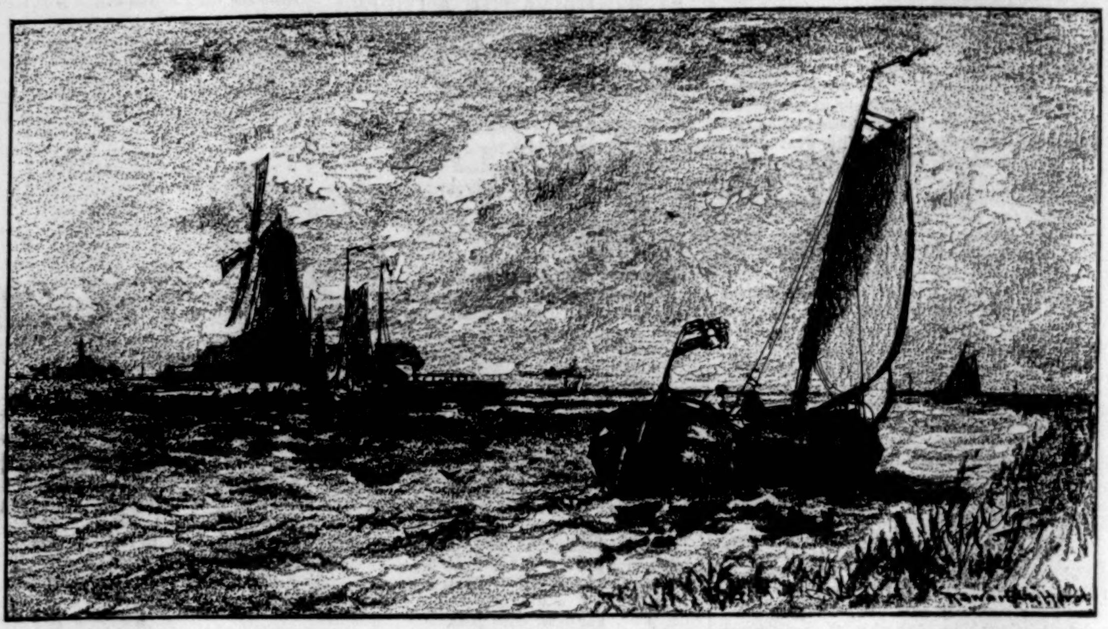
Among the many bills which expired with the late Congress was one for the adoption of this ballot-box for all Presidential and Congressional elections.



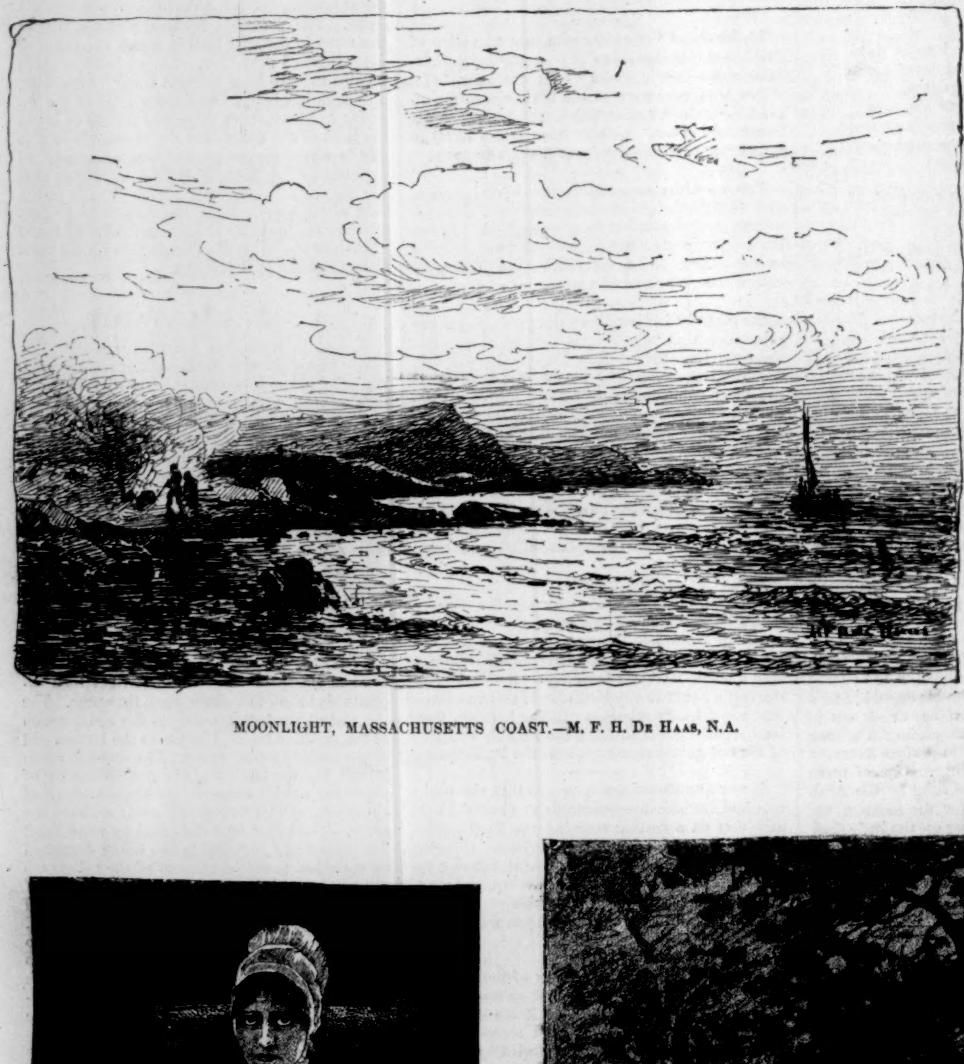
A, Endless Apron; B, Crank; C, Registering Device; D, Spool on which the Ballots are wound; E, Device for fastening the Ballots together.



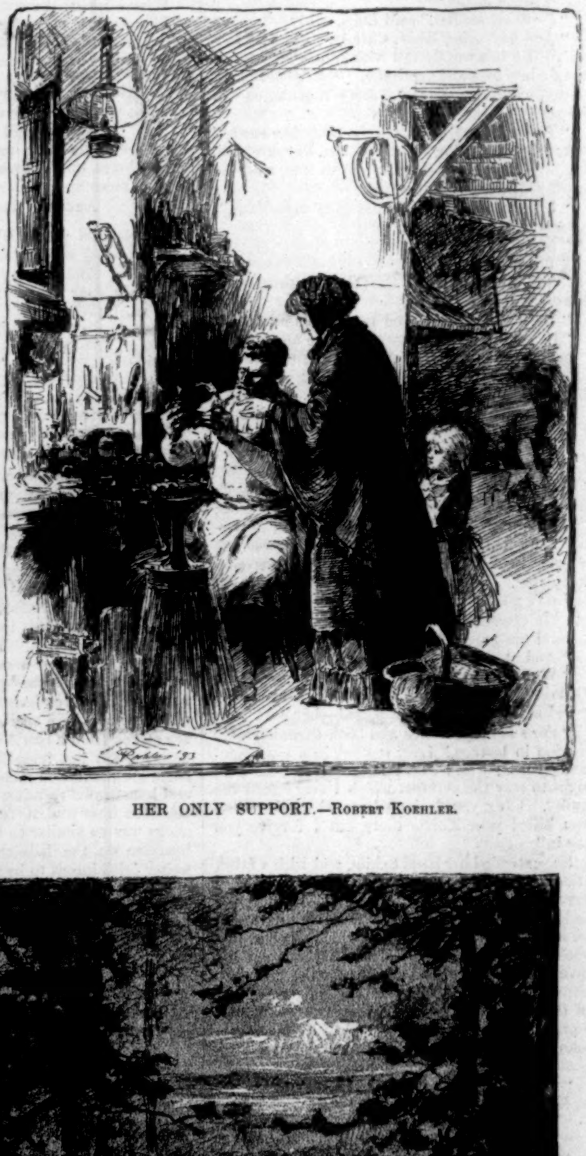
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND I.—J. G. Brown, N.A.



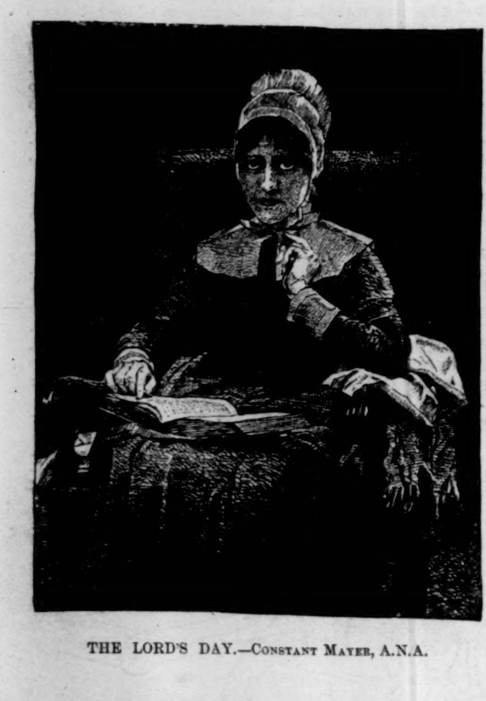
MORNING, NEAR ZAANDAM, HOLLAND.—R. Swain Gifford, N.A.



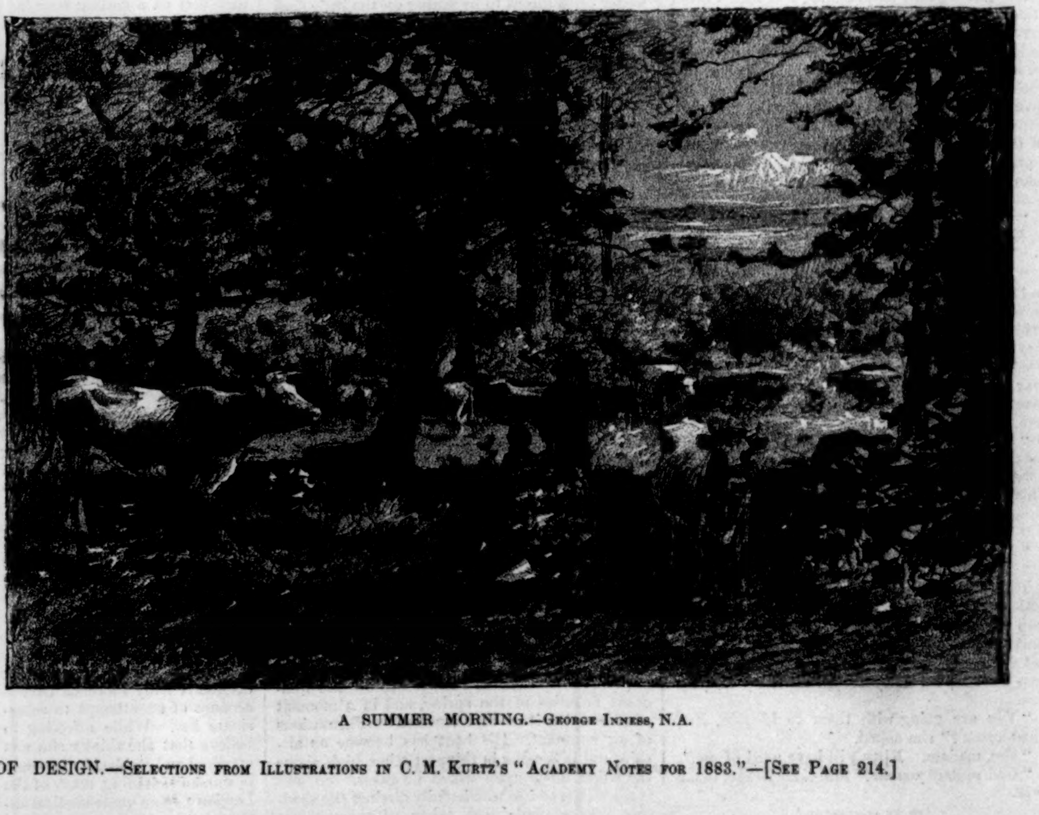
MOONLIGHT, MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—M. F. H. De Haas, N.A.



HER ONLY SUPPORT.—Robert Koehler.

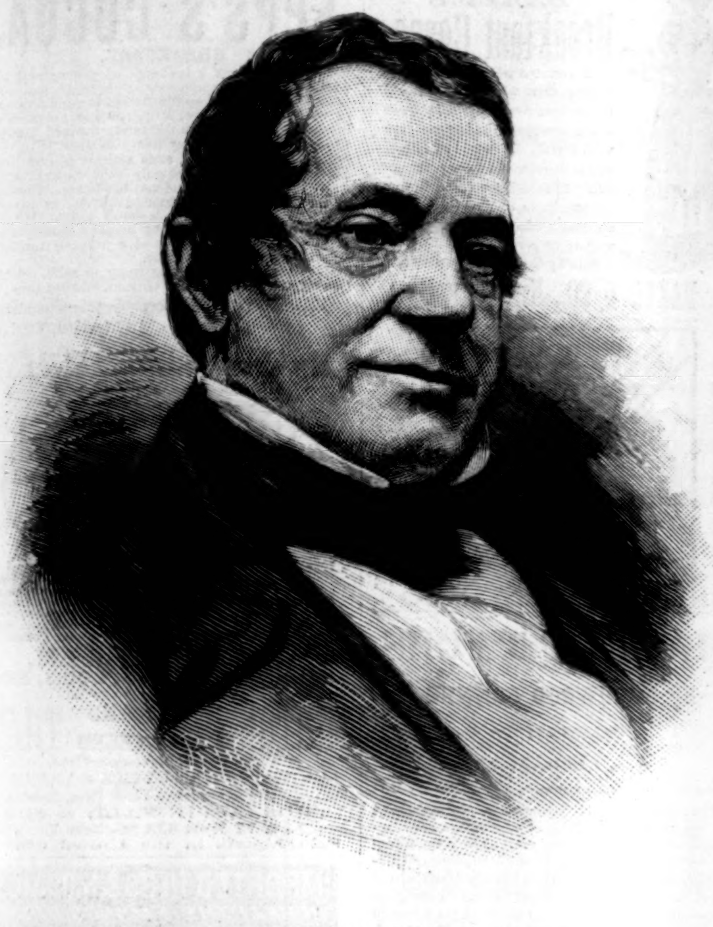


THE LORD'S DAY.—Constant Mayer, A.N.A.

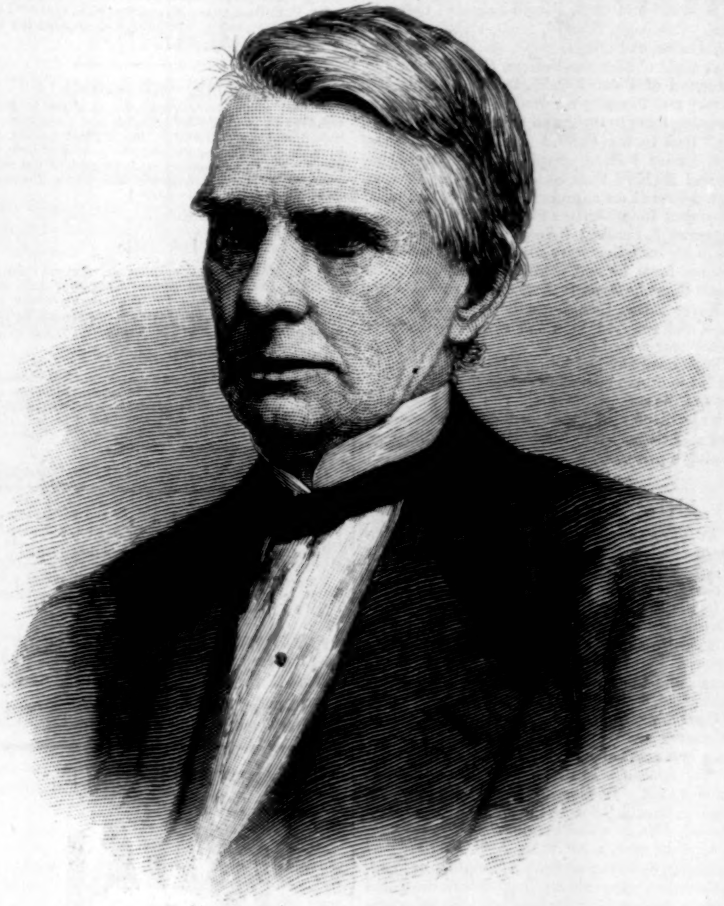


A SUMMER MORNING.—George Inness, N.A.

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Illustrations in C. M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes for 1883."—[See Page 214.]



WASHINGTON IRVING.
From Photograph in the Possession of Dr. John C. Peters.—[See Page 211.]



THE LATE HON. T. O. HOWE.
Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 211.]

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

About the year 740 Archbishop Cuthbert founded a church at Canterbury, which in succeeding ages received many additions, and grew eventually into the magnificent edifice of which Erasmus said, "It lifts itself toward heaven with majesty so great that the distant sight inspires devotion." A little more than four hundred years after the church was finished the choir was destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt by William of Sens with great splendor. The cathedral presents an interesting union of many styles of Christian architecture, marking the periods at which different portions were built. The central tower rises to the height of 234 feet, and the exterior length of the cathedral is 545 feet. In former times the shrine of Thomas à Becket, who was killed there in 1170, drew immense crowds of pilgrims to Canterbury.

ICE BREAK-UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

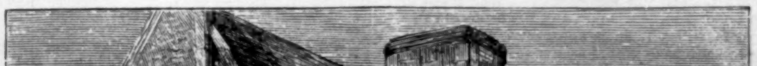
The breaking up of the ice on the Upper Mississippi, when the warm spring weather sets in, is always an occasion of great rejoicing among the inhabitants along the banks of the mighty river. During the winter the ice accumulates in huge "gorges" in the channel, crushing steamboats and other river craft, or lifting them bodily into the air, as depicted in Mr. Graham's double-page illustration. At such times the country bordering on the river presents a truly arctic appearance.

The first steamboat that forces its way up the river in the spring is received on its way with every manifestation of delight. At each landing salutes are fired, and people come in from miles away to hail the welcome messenger that proclaims the re-opening of navigation.

A MILITARY FAIR.

The fair of the gallant Seventy-first Regiment in aid of its new armory and regimental fund opened at the old armory, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, on the evening of the 26th ult., with promise of great success. Over two thousand ladies and gentlemen, many of them distinguished persons, were present. Among others were General Hancock, Colonel Mitchell, Colonel Whipple, Captain Ward, Mr. Eugene Kelly, Mr. Levi M. Bates, Mr. Thomas L. James, Major-General Shaler, commanding First Division N.G.S.N.Y., and staff; Major-General Jourdan, commanding Second Division, and staff; Major-General Carr, commanding Third Division (Troy); Major-General William F. Rogers, Fourth Division (Buffalo); Brigadier-General William G. Ward and staff, First Brigade; Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald and staff, Sec-

ENTRANCE TO THOMAS À BECKET'S CHAPEL, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



NORMAN STAIRCASE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ond Brigade; Brigadier-General Christensen and staff, Third Brigade; Brigadier-General William H. Brownell and staff, Fourth Brigade; Colonels Clark, Cavanagh, Seward, Scott, Unbekant, Cruger, Austen, and others.

At eight o'clock the Veteran Corps, under the command of Colonel C. W. Dustan, entered the armory and formally received the invited guests, escorting them to the grand stand, the band playing "Hail to the Chief." After prayer by the Rev. Carlos Martyn, chaplain of the regiment, Colonel Richard Vose, commanding the Seventy-first, delivered an address, in which he spoke of the object for which the fair had been gotten up. Algernon S. Sullivan followed in an oration exceedingly complimentary to the regiment. The voice of fame, he said, mentioned none with more honor than the Seventy-first.

Mayor Edson then formally declared the fair open, and referred in a few words to the regiment's war record.

Each company had its own booth, and tried to excel the others in richness of decoration and variety of the articles for sale. The Veterans made a large display of brass and china ornaments, and a Christmas tree hung with eggs, each containing a prize.

ANECDOTES OF WAGNER.

At Baireuth last summer I saw Wagner a number of times, and, moreover, heard from the artists who took part in the *Parsifal* performances several characteristic anecdotes of the great composer.

In the evenings, after the rehearsals and representations of *Parsifal*, the singers usually met in a small room at the Hôtel Sonne. One night Materna would dress a salad and Scaria brew a punch, and the next evening the rôles would be exchanged, with equally gratifying results.

On coming from rehearsal one evening Materna related how Wagner, wishing to have a phrase sung in a particular manner, attempted to sing it for her himself. In the midst of the phrase his voice broke. Turning to Liszt, who stood by smiling, he said, "Excuse me, sir; I forgot to practice my solfeggios this evening."

Another time, after the second *Parsifal* performance, Scaria came from a reception at Wagner's house. He said an Englishman there had examined everything in the room with an opera-glass. When Wagner entered, the Englishman rushed up to him, and seizing him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Wagner, I am so glad to see you! I had such a good time hearing *Parsifal!*" "You should have seen Wagner," continued Scaria. "Hardly had he heard the words 'had a good time' when he turned, and rushed from the room, shrieking, as he threw up his hands in dismay, 'If you want to have a good time, go and hear something by Offenbach.'"

Another good anecdote was told of Wagner's experience as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. This society had been jogging along its way of easy-going mediocrity, and Wagner's endeavors to infuse new life into it were received with great discontent. But he caused the greatest commotion when, at a rehearsal one day, he conducted a Beethoven symphony without a score. He had been familiar with these symphonies for years, and could conduct any one of them by heart. But this was something unheard of to the London Philharmonic, and the protests came in so fast that Wagner apparently yielded. At the concert he appeared with a score-book under his arm, placed it on the desk, and while conducting turned over the leaves. After the performance one of the directors came up to him, and said: "Well, Herr Wagner, we were right after all. You must acknowledge yourself that the symphony went much better to-night." In reply, Wagner handed him the book from which he had conducted. It was the score of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

The first time I saw Wagner was at a dinner given to him, his artists and friends, in the large restaurant near the theatre. His personal appearance was very disappointing. He was short and slight, and very nervous in his actions. As he entered in a light trig overcoat and a beaver in his hand, he looked more like a little dandy than a great composer. A capacious brow was the only mark of genius; otherwise, he was insignificant-looking. I could not understand his influence over people, for as he mingled with the guests his remarks consisted mostly of egregious puns and poor jokes. But when he began to reply to the first toast after dinner, I could comprehend his power. He seemed to grow in stature; every word, every gesture, was eloquent. His speech was in the main a eulogy of his artists.

"I am," he said, "under deep obligations to all who have contributed to the fund for the *Parsifal* performances, but I am under deeper obligations to my singers and musicians; for, after all, art is not created by money, but by artists."

That last sentence was surely worthy of the great man who all his life long had stood by what he believed to be the true and the beautiful in music.

Gustav Kobbé.

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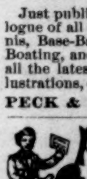

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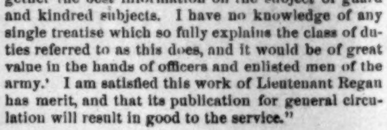

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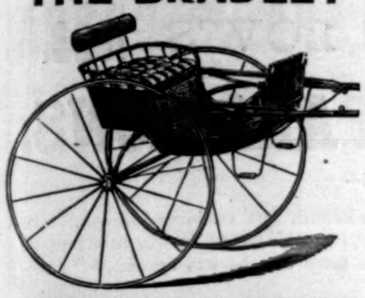

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